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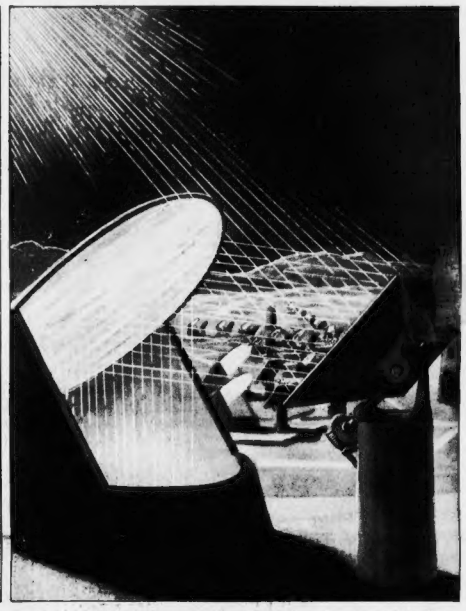
Sunday, Jan. 19, 1936

How Man Will Look And Live 20,000 Years From Now

The Progress of Chemistry Will Enable Man to Condense Nourishment Into a Very Small Form. A Good Dinner Will Then Consist of a Few Pills and Some Drops of Liquid.

It May Be Supposed That in 20,000 to 30,000 Years Man Will Be Characterized by Greater Development of the Forehead and the Chest, Lengthening of the Legs, Etc.



To Find a Less Variable Temperature Than That of the Surface, It Is Probable That Future Man Will Live in the Depths of the Earth, Where Water, Although Reduced in Quantity, Will Be Found. Systems of Mirrors, Concentrating the Light and Heat, Will Reflect the Rays of the Sun Into These Underground Dwellings.

Prof. Thevenin Points Out the Changes That Are Going On Around Us, Which Will Transform Our Habits and Even Our Appearance.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist
CHAPTER I.

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"STEP on it! It's alive!"

The girl of today might be more inclined to exclaim something like that, instead of falling in love at first sight with the eligible young man of 20,000 years from now.

But, in that case, the girl of the future won't be exactly a "Follies beauty" either, and will look enough like the boy of the future so that each will look all right to the other, which is all Nature cares about.

For many years there have been two popular notions about future man—one conception is a spindly, spidery human being, with a huge bald head and spectacles, a creature all brain except just enough body to support it. The other depicts a race of majestic and beautiful men and women, bedecked with garlands of flowers, spending their lives dancing, singing and reading poetry.

Though evolution is likely to take a quite different path, neither of these types is an impossibility. It all depends on what the changing environment will do to man's brain. Survival of the-fittest does not mean survival of the best and noblest, merely the survival of the types best fitted to take advantage of the conditions that surround them.

If the present world-drought cycle should develop into a permanent condition, turning most of the planet into a desert, it would require a race of the thinking-machine type to deal with the scientific problems, in order to survive at all. Science expects the world to dry up, but so slowly that other things will work on humanity first. Nature is not all man's environment. There is man himself, perhaps the most dangerous part of it.

When machinery is perfected to a point where men and women have little to do but let it work for them, the masses will have nothing to do but amuse themselves. The beautiful but dumb type would be the most likely to survive, especially if the present tendency toward dictatorship and regimentation continues. The restless, critical type of mind, inclined to criticize the all-wise dictatorship, would not be permitted to live.

Should man become completely socialized, like the termites and ants, future man may consist of three very dissimilar types. There may be a caste of thinking machines, scientists and technicians who among other things will control the machines that control the other machines. Below these the masses, happy morons, singing to each other like katydids, ignorant of the past and little dreaming what the morrow may have in store for them. Above these two classes would be the dictator and subordinate aristocracy. These would be people who know just one thing—how to get and hold power, probably quite like the modern politician.

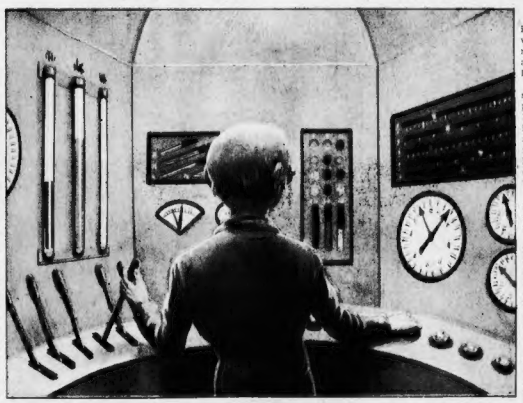
Man's specialty is his brain which has made him a grand success but is also threatening to make him the grandest of all failures. Most people think man's brain is growing all the time and the bigger it gets the more successful man will be and this will go on forever. But that is not the way evolution works. Apparently there can be too much of any good thing, even brains.

At the height of the saurian age, of monster lizards, biggest creatures that ever trod the earth, any observer would have prophesied that these mighty beasts would rule the world until something bigger and stronger displaced them, or, what must have seemed inevitable, that their own descendants would keep on growing. Then suddenly the big-lizard idea went bankrupt and the only ones today are smaller forms.

Wings appeared, giving birds and certain insects such an unfair advantage over all earth-bound creatures that anyone would surely have prophesied that in 20,000 years only winged forms would have survived. Instead the flying idea reached its peak and declined. The ostrich, biggest of birds, scarcely uses its wings at all. The penguin, long ago turned in its wings to Mother Nature for a pair of paddles, useful only in swimming; thus trying to resign from the bird family and become a sort of a walrus or fish.

But intelligence is in a class by itself. Is it conceivable that a race could have too much brains and be supplanted by a race with less brains? It is not only conceivable but it has actually happened. The brainiest men are not modern ones, nor even the Athenian Greeks or other historical races, but a breed of huge-brained cavemen, the Cro-Magnon race.

Presumably these men with the largest brain-boxes ever carried by human beings, excelled at most everything they tried. Though of course nearly all their works have perished, their sculptures and paintings found in a few of their caves are so good that the beholder is lost in amazement. Yet this superior race of big brains was displaced by smaller-skulled races, with the result that modern man has not as much brains as the Cro-Magnon caveman. African fossils show that the human skull in that continent which may have been the cradle of the race, has grown steadily smaller from prehistoric times. Hardly have organizing brains managed to build up a civilization than disorganizing brains find a way to destroy it.



Thanks to the Increasing Perfection of Machinery, the Work of a Great Factory Will Be Performed by One Man Alone, With the Help of Levers, Electric Circuits, Etc. By This Fact Alone the Conditions of Man's Existence Will Be Completely Changed.

It seems, when we examine the history of human development, that the progress of our intelligence has been more rapid than the transformation of our body, and that we are in a way prisoners of our physical structure, whose improvement has not been proportionate to the requirements of our nervous system which has been growing more and more refined.

Nature, in putting a high-power brain in an anthropoid relative of the apes, made the same blunder that man himself fell into when he installed a gas engine in the old horse buggy. The automobile manufacturers soon had to build specially-adapted bodies and chassis but Nature has been sadly slow in making similar improvements in the human body.

That the present human model is an up-to-date brain in an obsolete animal body is shown by many signs. One of the most common symptoms of complete mental breakdown is for the patient to tear off his clothes. The body having overthrown reason, goes back to the naked ape. Nudist colonies and other "back-to-nature" movements are believed by many to be protests by the poor, old, obsolete body against being driven so hard by the big brain to which it is not suited.

Man very likely will take a conscious hand in the designing of that new body but what will it look like? The very things that make man beautiful according to modern standards are among the animal characteristics which he must endeavor to "junk."

If we take as an example the figures in sculpture most universally admitted to be perfect, from the Venus of Praxiteles to the Diana of Houdon, we must confess that the harmony of their proportions is only the consequence of the harmony of their organic functions, the result of excellent physical health maintained by the regular functioning of their internal organs and the activity of their muscles.

These goddesses may be of high intelligence and still beautiful. But if their brains went completely to sleep, they would continue beautiful, for the reasons we have just indicated.

This does not mean that the Future Man, if his intelligence develops on a great scale, as we must hope, will pay for this improvement by physical decay. Far from that, we have a right to hope that a better knowledge of hygiene will give him a perfectly healthy body. But the laws of esthetics will change as the human body changes, and the conception of beauty in 200 centuries will not be what it was in the century of Pericles.

The conception of beauty is indeed essentially variable. If the Neanderthal Man had any sentiment of beauty, his ideal was certainly not the Greek Aphrodite, but a flat-faced female, hairy, walking on bowed legs, with hands hanging below her knees and displaying carnivorous teeth behind flat gorilla lips. We are just half-way between this ideal and the future type.

Everything, indeed, encourages us to believe that certain characteristics which still persist in the present type of man, but which are clearly on the path of retrogression will have completely disappeared, while new tendencies now faintly showing themselves will have become considerably accentuated.

Let us try from the facts in our possession to trace the portrait of our distant descendant. If his brain and skull continue to follow the path of development observed from the monkey state up to the civilized modern man, passing through the Neanderthal Man, the Australian Bushman, and the Negro, but not counting the Cro-Magnon, his head will become enormous in comparison with his body, especially in the upper half, that is to say above the eyes, his forehead will become more and more vertical and assume the tower-like appearance which the Athenian sculptors with the intuition of genius long ago gave to their gods. The lower jaw on the other hand will continue to grow smaller through the progressive disappearance of the last molar teeth, which are still large among the Negroes, but are on the road to atrophy among most white men. But the chin, which is almost exclusively peculiar to the human race, will continue to develop.

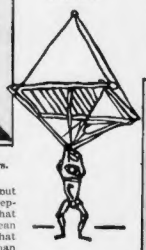
We will pass rapidly over certain details of the bony

(Continued on Page 22)

Early Ancestors Of Familiar Modern Inventions

The First Idea of a Vessel Driven Forward by Means of Propellers.

Below—Leonardo da Vinci's Conception of a Device for Descending Safely From Dizzy Heights—the Parachute.



The Ancestor of the Cinema in Warfare. The Figure of the Devil Projected by a Crude Stereoptican Gadget on a Castle Wall Was Intended to Frighten Defending Troops.

A Machine Gun of 1350, Called "The Organ Cannon," Because of the Organ-like Arrangement of the Projectile Tubes.

The Guillotine of the Sixteenth Century. This Old Woodcut Shows the Execution of the Apostle Matthew, as Conceived by Lucas Cranach.

THE inventors of the Middle Ages seem, in the light of today's scientific achievements, a dreamy and impractical lot. Many of their ambitious notions never got beyond the idea stage, and a lot of those that did now seem crude and comic. But the libraries of the world are cluttered with musty pictures and books yellow with age, which reveal that the basic ideas for many of the mechanical marvels of the so-called Machine Age sprouted in the heads of medieval thinkers.

The woodcut reproduced above dates back to the year 1430. Who made the picture and who conceived the simple craft it shows never will be known, but it is plain to see that the inventor of the boat was playing around with the idea that, centuries later, evolved into the propeller.

According to the description that was found with this old cut, such boats were capable of carrying twenty-four persons, and something like them were used by the Catalonians when they went to war on the water. The bladed "propellers" were, of course, incapable of sending boats through the water with any speed, but they show that the conception of the metal screws that drive today's great ocean greyhounds was, in that distant day, in the human mind.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, believed that man would fly, four centuries before the first heavier-than-air machine left the ground. He also understood the principle of the parachute, as the small sketch at the left of the page shows. Da Vinci drew this picture some time before his death in 1519—and the first successful parachute jump was not made until 1783. In a note on the back of the sketch the great Florentine wrote: "If a person constructs a tent of stiff linen, the height of which is twelve ells, each side being also twelve ells in width, he can hold on to it and jump from any height without fear of any harm coming to him."

Back in 1350, when cannon were clumsy affairs and not much improvement over stone-throwing catapults, some anonymous inventor thought up the crude forerunner of the modern machine gun. He called it the "organ cannon," because it had several barrels which resembled the pipes of an organ.

From this old piece of field artillery, stone or metal balls could be thrown from one barrel after another. Probably Mr. Gatling, who invented the rapid-fire gun in the 1860's, never heard of the "organ cannon," but he was merely carrying the original idea several steps further along.

Another of the old prints on this page shows an interesting ancestor of the movies—a sort of magic lantern. The inventor, whoever he was, suggested that outlines of the devil be flashed on the walls of enemy cities to scare the superstitious defenders. Whether this invention was ever used is not a matter of record.

One Doctor Guillotin is credited with inventing the guillotine about the time of the French Revolution, but the "falling knife" antedates him by several centuries. The drawing at the right of the page was made in the late 1500's, and there is evidence that a machine very much like the guillotine was in use as far back at 1288.

Stung To Death By a Sea Shell

PICKING up the small sea shells washed up on American beaches is anything but a dangerous occupation, but down in Australia, the land of queer animals, it is well to know whether the creature inside some beautiful, pearl-like shell has the inclination and the means to sting with the viciousness and deadliness of a rattlesnake.

Not long ago a young man vacationing on the Barrier Reef, off Queensland, reached into the shallow water for a shell that took his fancy. Scientists call the creature the "Conus textile," and they have gathered many of them as museum exhibits. Holding the shellfish in his hand, the young man began scraping it with the blade of a knife. The man had no suspicion that by this act he was hastening his death. He continued scraping for a few minutes. Then the creature suddenly thrust out a barbed spike which punctured the palm of the man's hand.

At the time the wound seemed slight, but an hour later the visitor to the reef was in agony. His eyesight was affected. He had a high fever. He was partly paralyzed and suffering great pain. Four and a half hours after he had picked up the shell he was dead, in spite of the attempts of doctors to stem the rush of poison through his bloodstream. The venom shot into him by the shellfish mercifully put the victim into a coma an hour before he died.

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Dinner Time in the Kennel. This Interesting Canine Study Was Snapped at Wadsworth, England. Note How Nonchalant Are the Young Alsatians and Oblivious to the Camera. The Brood Constitutes the Family of a Prize Mother Owned by Mrs. G. Tring. They All Celebrate the Same Birthday.

Cod Grow Tame in Captivity

THE gilled and pop-eyed codfish would seem to be one of the last creatures on earth to have the intelligence and inclination to make friends with human beings. But, take the word of Canadian Government biologists for it, the seagoing cod reared in captivity becomes so domesticated that it will take its meals from the hands of people it recognizes, permit itself to be scratched on the back and otherwise behave in a friendly fashion.

In the concrete tanks at Halifax Harbor and at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where the government maintains fisheries, there are several full-grown codfish that have become so used to the men who look after them they come to the surface at the same spot at meal time, take bits of herring from the hands of attendants and make a curious grunting sound when they are stroked.

The young cod, however, will permit no such liberties, and it is only after they have been in the tanks a long time that they become domesticated.

Miss Alice St. Helens, of Indianapolis, Who Started Out to Be a Female Robinson Crusoe, but Gave Up the Idea.

Disappointing Climax to the Adventure of "Miss Robinson Crusoe"

The Kitchen Mirror With Its Beautiful Tracery Wrought by a Stroke of Lightning Which Hit the Home of the Owner, Mrs. Charles E. Schneider, Pedricktown, N. J.

WHEN Constable Tinch Morocich discovered a good-looking young woman asleep in a cove of Catalina Island's rugged shore, he didn't know—until she woke up and spilled the whole strange story—that he had stumbled upon a disciple of the late and celebrated Robinson Crusoe.

The girl—Miss Alice St. Helens, Of Indianapolis—had set out from her home town many weeks before with every intention of breaking into the movies. Like thousands of other would-be cinema stars, she found the gates of the studios too high to climb and impossible to "crash." The little money she had was soon gone. It was then that she was inspired to stay on the coast and emulate Mr. Crusoe.

Miss St. Helens had heard that Catalina Island was a proper place for such an undertaking. She managed to get to the island and disappear before anyone noticed her.

The adventure lasted only three days. At the end of that time Alice and her dog Krus had their fill of roughing it. The girl's one cake of soap was worn thin. Her box of matches was almost empty—and she was glad when the officer woke her from the sleep of exhaustion and saw to it that she enjoyed a square meal.

"When I landed on the island," said the feminine Robinson Crusoe, "I had visions of at least five years of idyllic existence next to nature. I made a pair of trousers from my plaid dress and built an open-air oven of sheet tin and stones. I thought I'd be able to make myself a bow and some arrows with which to kill some of the wild goats. But things just didn't work out."

The constable was struck with the girl's brunette beauty and by her foolhardy courage. It was his unofficial opinion that she would photograph a lot better than hundreds of girls he has seen in the movies. But he has no pull with the cinema makers and he got busy trying to find Miss St. Helens a job which would make it possible for her to sleep under cover, eat regularly—and be near Hollywood when she feels in the mood to make another assault on the studio gates.

The young woman's dog took to the Crusoe-like life better than his mistress, for when the policeman found her asleep on the shore, the pup was up in the hills playing with a young goat.

When Lightning Painted Trees on the Mirror

LIGHTNING has played enough queer tricks to occupy the attention of scientists and story-tellers for many years. It has ripped the shoes from a person's feet without burning the flesh. It has made a shambles of rooms and left the occupants of those rooms physically intact. Not long ago, in England, a bolt of lightning struck a house, set it afire and rang in a fire alarm, all in a split second. But these blinding bolts of electricity can do even more surprising stunts—such as painting pictures on mirrors without breaking the glass.

The photograph at the left shows this curious work of art in the hands of Mrs. Charles F. Schneider, of Pedericktown, New Jersey. If a skilful painter had done the job, the figures on the looking-glass could not have been a better representation of a clump of trees.

Here's how the odd work of art was done: A bolt of lightning struck the Schneider home, traveled through the electric wiring to a fixture over the kitchen sink. The chain-pull was burned off the light and the lightning jumped from this to a mirror hung on the wall beneath the fixture.

It would be natural to assume that the looking-glass would be smashed to splinters or, at least, cracked. But this prankish bolt was in an artistic rather than a destructive mood, and it contented itself with ripping the cardboard backing off the mirror and, in the wink of an eyelash, "painting" a creditable landscape.

Scientists of the Franklin Institute, who know a lot about lightning, said that they never had heard of lightning cutting up just such a prank before. They were careful to explain that they were not positive their explanation is correct, but they felt certain that the powerful bolt rearranged the granules of quicksilver on the back of the mirror, and that this shuffling of the material happened to look like a picture of trees.

Mrs. Schneider imagined, for a time, that the "trees" were a photographic likeness of geranium plants growing in a nearby window-box, but the scientists didn't believe that. The tree-like pattern, they said, had no more significance than similar designs made by frost on window panes.

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Tried to Get Married All Over the World, and Couldn't

Much Interrupted Romance of Aristocratic Sculptor Van Wyck and the Ex-Follies Beauty Who Have Been Waiting With and for Each Other At the Church in Almost Every Country for Eight Years

Mexican Artist Jose Plaza Displaying Remains of a Portrait of Mozellecita, Which So Dissatisfied Her, He Claimed, That She Cut It to Shreds.

Prescott Van Wyck and Miss Stapp, When Love Was Strong but Strangely Disconnected.

Miss Mozellecita Stapp, Once Sculptor Van Wyck's Inspiration and Fiancee—But, Alas, Neither Any More.

"Life is just one darned thing after another."
"Love is just two darned things after each other."
—Modern Proverbs.

MOZELLECITA STAPP, beauty contest winner, Ziegfeld showgirl, known as "The Lady with the Alabaster Figure," and actress, was of noble Castilian ancestry.

Young Mr. Prescott Van Wyck was a millionaire with assorted strains of America's oldest and bluest bloods.

Both were highly-educated, well-mannered and interested in art. When they met in 1927, at a tea in New York City, it was love at first sight and no reason in heaven or on earth why they should not run down to City Hall, marry and live happily ever after.

Instead, these two perfectly sane and intelligent persons went through a series of the most fantastic and farcical adventures one could imagine. They have been ever after each other, but first one and then the other put off the ceremony until now it seems to be too late, though Mozellecita is still after Prescott to collect $1,665 on promissory notes and has sued him for it.

Prescott Van Wyck was no laggard at love, as proved when his flaming jealousy moved him to chase Mozellecita's friend, Count Salm, first husband of Millicent Rogers, "all over Paris with a long knife," so she says. Then Prescott, whose artistic soul had made him scorn anything but the most hastily-purchased and ill-fitting clothes, further proved his love by going to the most expensive tailor in Europe and ordering a wardrobe to outshine Salm, the fashion plate.

Nevertheless, one day when they were all set to be wed and no Salms or other disturbing elements were on the horizon, instead of turning up at the church, Prescott wandered over to Africa to buy a horse somebody had told him about.

The next time that he was ready to face the altar, Mozellecita backed out indignantly because he wanted her to sign an ante-nuptial agreement. The next time both were in the mood, both managed to miss their train to the wedding. The time after that a Mexican broke up the ceremony by shooting himself. And so it went—just one darned thing after another.

At that very fashionable New York tea, learning that she was interested in art, Prescott invited Mozellecita to his studio, where in his ill-fitting clothes he looked to her like a poor, struggling sculptor. She did not dream that his father, the late Philip Van Rensselaer Van Wyck, nor that his mother, the sister of General George Meade, commander of the Union forces at the Battle of Gettysburg, had set aside a trust fund of a million dollars for him. However, the girl was just out of college and just about to open as one of the chief ornaments of Shubert's "Artists and Models," so she was too busy to marry at the moment.

On the opening night Prescott gave a party for her worthy of a millionaire and called her his inspiration, she tells. Inspiration has been defined as nine-tenths perspiration, but that does not apply when the inspiration of a rich artist is a lady. He bought her a rare and valuable set of Ming Dynasty furniture. Mozellecita says, to harmonize with her Oriental cast of features, and asked her to pose for him in that setting. Flattered and touched, she agreed and has been posing on and off for him since but, strangely enough, never with that furniture.

While, later on, marriage was being procrastinated, they signed, she says, a model's contract by which he paid her $500 a month, for which she had to pose one hour per day. It was not till 1929 that the engagement was even announced and then everyone agreed that it was a perfect match. Her grandfather was the Spanish Marquis Prieto D'Alberto; her mother was Florencia Prieto D'Alberto Stapp, and her father is Andrew Jackson Stapp, wealthy Southern contractor. It is said that Mr. Stapp's mother was a third cousin of the famous Andrew Jackson. She was socially worthy to marry the direct descendent of old Cornelius Van Wyck who settled in Long Island, in 1660.

One cause that delayed the engagement was that she was already engaged to a man in the South who kept asking when she was going to marry him. Finally she bade Prescott farewell forever and went South to attend to the matter, but discovered that she had "outgrown that fiance." Calling the romance off, she returned to New York where she was promptly glorified by Ziegfeld. Van Wyck, who had been studying Aztec art in Mexico, came back to tell her that she was the only woman who could pose for his statue that was to be the personification of a Mexican mountain.

Another model and inspiration contract was signed, but there were difficulties because Mozellecita was approaching stage stardom and Hollywood offered her a contract. It was one of those parting-of-the-ways situations. The young woman agreed to give up her career and shine by reflected glorification as the wife of a great sculptor, she alleges.

For reasons that only the artistic would understand the statue of the Mexican mountain had to be carved in Paris. The understanding was that as soon as they had time in Paris, they would be married. But obstacles arose, some local and others brought there with them.

Prescott went first and when she arrived he was wearing the worst-fitting suit yet, living in the Latin Quarter. Two of his friends, one of whom he called an Inca Indian, she already knew. He had nursed Prescott through a nervous breakdown in New York when trained nurses failed. This was because the Inca was artistic while the nurses were merely scientific. In gratitude, Van Wyck had promised to stake the Indian to a course of art study in Paris.

This was now coming to pass and meantime he had been given the job of guide, philosopher, friend, and (probably) valet. Considering that the sculptor despised clothes and was willing to get into any set of pants and coat he found on the chair, the last part of this job should not have been hard. But the Inca's life was now embittered by dislike of the other friend, who had fastened himself on Van Wyck while he was studying mountains. The Mexican was trying to get the sculptor to back a chain of shoe-shining and hot-tamale parlors in Paris.

Also both of them, Mozellecita says, were dunning Prescott for money which he owed them. So she paid them out of her own money, according to her story, and this so impressed the Mexican that he urged her to marry Van Wyck in a hurry and finance the shoe-shining and hot-tamale parlors herself.

She refused, but just then badly-disposed persons tried to persuade Prescott that she was a gold-digger, trying to crab the marriage if they could. As most of them were chronic borrowers, they did not wish the rich man to fritter away his money on a wife.

Mozellecita on the Horse and in the Costume Mr. Van Wyck Bought for Her in Mexico After One of Their Reconciliations. Mr. Van Wyck, Equally Picturesque, Stands Beside Her.

To escape all this intrigue Mr. Van Wyck and Miss Stapp went on a pre-honeymoon trip through Spain. But the conspirators must have already poisoned his mind for Mozellecita says her fiance stole her diary to see what she was really up to and would not give it back until she took him to court. They returned to Paris, as strangers, but soon got together again. All was well and they might have been married most any day if one evening in a restaurant, Van Wyck, returning to their table had not found Count Salm kissing her hand

Mozellecita says she had met the Count in New York and that anyone ought to know that those noble, adoring manners are "just an act and don't mean anything." She thinks it was not nice for Prescott to borrow a knife from the poultry chef or wherever he got it and introduce himself, Mexican style.

Van Wyck is a fine sculptor who can carve handsome faces but Salm did not want to be improved and so the two made a rapid circuit of Paris. The whole closets full of expensive garments, which further embittered his life.

It was when things had calmed down from this high spot that Prescott forgot his wedding date in hurrying across the Mediterranean to buy that horse. He had to hurry because the horse might be sold, whereas Mozellecita should be there when he got back. She was but somewhat hot under the ermine collar of the coat he had bought as a wedding present.

Another delay, another reconciliation and another wedding date which was not kept because Prescott, supposedly at the instigation of the conspirators, wanted the bride to sign a pre-nuptial contract, stipulating that if there was a divorce she would not ask for more alimony than the $500 a month which she was getting as a model under another contract which she had entered into with Prescott in Paris. She resented this gold-digging implication and still more a stipulation that she must not "put him away for nervous breakdowns."

Nevertheless, the lady says she was eventually reconciled to this sordid detail. Having stubbed their matrimonial toes so often in Paris, the pair decided to try Brussels for a change and retained a Belgian lawyer to draw up the contract. Also all details were arranged for a bang-up wedding, worthy of two such remarkable personages. While waiting for the happy day, they returned to Paris. But when the day came and they were summoned to Brussels to wed, both managed to miss their train, finally reaching the scene so late that the church was locked, everyone had gone home and the lawyer had left town for the week-end.

Just for that, they left them all flat and went to England. Finding that it would require two weeks there to get married, they took another chance at Paris. This time, the Follies beauty says, it would surely have gone through if "that miserable Mexican hadn't gotten drunk and shot himself just in time to spoil everything." She thinks he did it with malice, but perhaps it was only despair at the way things were going.

Anyhow, they went with the Mexican to the cemetery instead of to the church.

There was no use trying to get married in Paris; so they went to Italy to buy a block of Carrara marble for the statue and get married, but found themselves too broke to do either.

Disgusted, Mozellecita returned to New York, where she was picking up her career when she received a wire from Prescott asking her to come to Mexico City. She did, and found he had a wonderful horse and costumes for her. With these she won two more beauty contests, causing such excitement that she, Van Wyck, and even the horse, were used as models for a Mexican postage stamp.

Mozellecita says that Prescott went away mad because she received all the publicity—so they were not married there either.

The next reunion and talk of marriage were in New York, but Miss Stapp then discovered that Van Wyck had allowed what was left of his million to be nailed down in a spendthrift trust that was even wife-proof. This wouldn't have been so bad had he not anticipated the income from it so far in advance that financially he was already somewhere in the year 1937.

That, she says, is why he handed her those notes instead of cash, and that when they fell due he had disappeared. Mozellecita states that he always vanished on her when she needed him most, and now she isn't at all sure she is going to marry him at all. If he is going to be unbalanced financially as well as emotionally—that is too much.

If Mozellecita collects from Prescott she'll have to do it around the first of the month, friends say. That is when he gets his $1,500 allowance, and it soon goes.

Mozellecita had another exciting experience with an artist, Jose Plazo, a Mexican. Jose painted her portrait, but she didn't like it. So she cut it into strips, Jose said, and he sued her for $1,100, but whether he collected any or part remains a mystery still.

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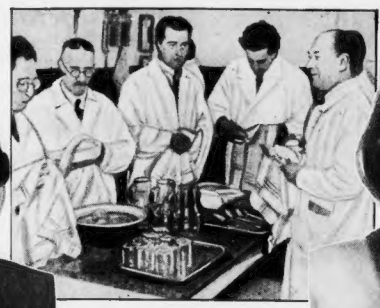
Studied In Vain To Be A Bachelor

The Bachelor Class Busy Around Their Gas Ranges, Closely Attentive to a Lesson Intended to Keep the Members Out of the Matrimonial Realm.

Stephen Darvas, Civil Engineer, Who Matriculated in Sweets and Pastries, Only to Discover That He Wouldn't Need His Education.



Dishwashing Is One of the Most Discouraging of Lessons. Its Ardors May Have Assisted Mr. Darvas, Shown Second From the Right, Toward the Altar.

Renee Borsy, the Teacher. She Taught the Bachelors to Keep House, and Married One.

WHEN Stephen Darvas, a young civil engineer, read in the papers that the Budapest Gas Works was starting a cooking school for bachelors, he enrolled right away. Like a hundred or more other young business and professional men, he was attracted by such slogans as "Don't depend on the dames—cook your own meals," because he was eager to get somewhere in his profession and thought it best not to waste valuable time with members of the fair sex.

He worked hard to learn all he could about the business of cooking everything from simple soups to fussy desserts. Even if he wound up by laying cash on the line for a gas stove—which was the intention of the founders of the school—he would be steeling himself against the wiles of women.

That's what Mr. Darvas thought—until he reached the point where he was put under the wing of one Renee Borsy, instructress in the difficult art of making pastries and desserts. The young engineer applied himself diligently to his studies, but he couldn't help noticing that Miss Borsy was as pretty and charming as she was efficient. He fought off "that funny feeling," which makes husbands of bachelors if they don't watch out, until he had advanced to the layer cake and cream filling stage. He worked so hard to keep his mind on his work—and on his reason for attending the school—that he won first honors. The teacher pronounced his cake perfect. She passed samples of it around to the assembled celibates and allowed that it was little short of amazing that an engineer could perform such a culinary feat.

Maybe that was the beginning of the end for Bachelor Darvas. Anyway he stayed after school that night and walked home with the teacher. His fellow students began to notice that a new light came into the engineer's eyes when the teacher came around to his stove and inspected his work. The rumor spread about the classroom that Darvas had lost sight of his original reason for attending the classes and that he was extending himself to turn out cakes and pies of high quality because he was sweet on Miss Borsy.

These suspicions, which made Darvas seem like a traitor of sorts, were verified on graduation night. When the comely instructress handed the engineer his diploma he turned to his classmates and said, a little shamefacedly, "Now that I've got it, I don't need it any more. Miss Borsy has kindly consented to cook my meals herself—after we get back from our honeymoon, which begins next Sunday."

A Pair of Little Pets' Corner Guests Taking Mr. Penguin for a Walk.

When the London Zoo Turned Over Its Pets to Children

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY, newly-appointed head of London's famous zoo, is a man of ideas and action. One of the first things he did when he took over the job was to order the construction of a new wing to the rambling set-up of buildings. He called this the Pets' Corner, and announced that when it was finished the boys and girls of the British capital could drop in of an afternoon and have a lot of fun for themselves playing with lions, snakes, giant sea turtles, chimpanzees and a dozen other creatures that, up to now, they had watched through the bars of their cages.

More than a few alarmed and indignant citizens wrote in to The Times, some of them to demand what in blazes Professor Huxley thought he was doing; others to point out the folly of any such innovation, and a few to question the new curator's mental balance. But the boss of the zoo went right ahead. He explained good-naturedly to his critics that his mental faculties are unimpaired, that no harm would befall any youngster visiting the Pets' Corner, and that a lot of fun would be had by all, including the animals.

How right the professor was can be judged from the pictures on this page. The Pets' Corner is the most popular place in the zoo, not only for youngsters, but for grown-ups, too. Every day that this new department of the establishment is open, there's a line-up of excited boys and girls waiting their turn to let Peter, the python, coil himself around their waists, or take a slow and bumpy ride on the high, hard back of June, the turtle.

And that's not the half of it. The corner has plenty of other living attractions, animals to be examined at first-hand, to be petted and laughed at when they make funny faces or go through amusing shenanigans. Percy, the penguin, likes nothing better than to stroll about the place with a youngster holding to each of his fin-like wings. Pete, the chimpanzee, hasn't been so happy since he came to London, and he'll miss a meal to make the acquaintance of a couple of kids who aren't afraid of him.

George, the lion cub, never gets a chance to be a wall-flower. He's in such great demand as a playmate that there's a long waiting list of names on file with the head-keeper of the corner. This official recently remarked that "George is booked at least three weeks in advance."

"It's a dull and stilted way of putting it, I know," said Professor Huxley, "but the Pets' Corner is educational as well as a source of pleasure to the boys and girls who visit it. A boy or a girl who spends an hour in the place, actually bobbing with the animals he thought belonged only behind bars, in the circus or in the picture books, learns more about these creatures than he could if he read a library full of facts about them."

The Pets' Corner has become so popular since it was opened that Professor Huxley is planning to enlarge it to accommodate more people and more animals. The curators of at least a dozen European zoos have paid visits to the London establishment to find out just how the trick is done.

Above—Peter the Chimpanzee Is One of the Zoo's Pets Who Delights in Being Petted, and Children's Day Is Always an Important Occasion. At Right—Slow but Sure, The Ponderous Old Tortoise Essays the Role of Steed, With a Friendly Warning to All Stenciled on His Flinty Coat.

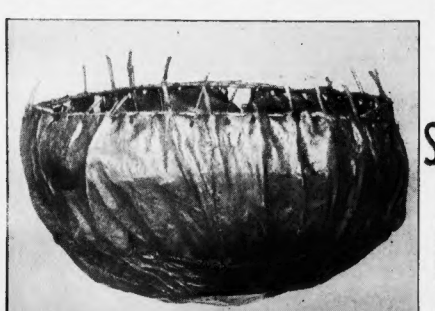
Tibetan Boat Caulked With Butter

A BOAT from Tibet, framed with willow twigs, "planked" with the skins of yaks, fastened with rawhide ropes and caulked against leakage with butter, has been placed on exhibition among the Chinese and Tibetan collections at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Such boats, the only type made and used by the Tibetans, according to Dr. Paul S. Martin, acting curator of the department of anthropology, are in the shape of a hollow hemisphere. The one on exhibition is about five and one-half feet in diameter and three feet high. Such tub-like craft are capable of carrying three or four men, or two men and about 200 pounds of goods.

The hides are sewed together with rawhide and the holes and seams are plugged with butter. The boatman kneels on the bottom of the boat and directs it with a short paddle.

The name for these skin boats is "coracle," a word derived from the Welsh "corwgl," meaning carcass, or boat. Coracles were once widely distributed over the northern part of the Old World. They were used in Britain at the time of the Roman invasion, as well as in western Asia and many parts of India. Alexander the Great used such craft in his expedition of conquest in the Orient.



The Tibetan Tub-like Boat Recently Acquired by the Field Museum. It Is Made of Yak Hide Laced to Willow Twigs. Butter Was Used to Keep the Hull Watertight.

Bridge Game With a Ghost

THE British Isles have more bridge clubs than any other country in the world, area and population considered, and now boast what is perhaps the most unusual bridge playing group to be found anywhere. The club is called the "Perfect Bridge Four," and it is made up of three living devotees of contract bridge—and one dead man, the late Henry William Berry, of Woodside Lodge, Bedfordshire. Once a year the three people—two women and a man—will meet on the anniversary of Mr. Berry's death and play a few rubbers in memory of their departed friend. The vacant chair will always remain untenanted and, in a manner of speaking, Mr. Berry's ghost will be "dummy."

The three living members of the "Perfect Bridge Four"—Florence Bond, Alice Maude Liddell and Captain H. C. Owen-Jones—are not particularly superstitious nor have they been much influenced by the wave of spiritualism that has swept over England during the past few years. None of them expects the spirit of Henry William Berry to manifest itself during the play or to indicate, from the spirit world, how he wants the cards of the dummy hand played.

A lot of people in England, however, are of the opinion that the yearly sessions of the card club may be marked by psychic phenomena and that Mr. Berry's shade actually will slip into the empty fourth chair and, by telepathic command, direct the playing of its upturned hand. Stranger things, say the spiritualists, have happened and right in the vicinity of Woodside Lodge.

In Mr. Berry's will he left $50 to each of his bridge-playing cronies. It was his wish that they would use the money to buy something that would be a memento of the happy evenings they spent together.

Mr. Francis Willoughby Berry, the dead man's brother and the chief beneficiary of his will, does not place much stock in the theories of the spiritualists. He has no quarrel with those who believe that the dead can communicate with the living, but he looks for no signs and portents from his brother at the annual gathering of the remaining members of the club he formed some years ago.

Said Francis Berry, "When my brother came home from Egypt about ten years ago he formed this bridge club. They met two or three times a week and he described them as the perfect bridge partners. The three players have not decided what the memento will be but it is likely that they will buy a bridge table and have it inscribed with the names of the quartet who found so much pleasure in each other's company."

Maybe the Snakes Would Seem Unpopular, but These Are Hamrless, and the Youngster Is Getting Quite a Thrill Out of His New Chums.

ACME PHOTOS

Science Studies Apple Fumes

WHILE scientists at Cambridge, England, were studying the preserving effects of low temperatures on apples and other fruits, they discovered that apples give off a powerful vapor while they are ripening. This vapor, from sixty pounds of apples, was condensed, frozen and concentrated in a thimbleful of oil, which was chemically analyzed. In this way the experimenters found that the fumes that the fruit exudes are largely ethylene gas, which is an ingredient of coal gas and which burns with a bright flame.

Researches revealed that the vapor is at once a tonic, a poison and a sign of approaching old age. It speeded up the ripening of other apples and bananas, stunted and deformed potato tubers and pea seedlings, and waned in volume and effect as the apples approached complete ripeness.

Pears, it was learned, generate a sort of gas, too. But bananas and oranges do not. Why this is so remains for the British scientists to find out in further experiments.

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Says He Wrote the Jokes that made Eddie Cantor Famous on the Air

David Freedman, Professional Joke Writer, Comes Into Court With a Bushel of Funny Gags Which He Claims Got the Comedian His Radio Laughs, and Asks Eddie to Pay Up $250,000

AN interesting lawsuit is now pending in the New York courts. Mr. David Freedman is a professional humorist and joke writer, and he has asked a verdict of $250,000 for jokes, gags, funny dialogues and general humor which he says he has been pumping into the well-known comedian, Eddie Cantor, over a period of years.

Mr. Freedman asserts that he has been the fountain head of pretty much of all the funny stuff which Mr. Cantor has been spilling over the air. Once, at least, while Mr. Cantor was acquiring a healthful tan down in Florida, Mr. Freedman acquired only the pallor of the midnight oil and a near case of nervous prostration from thinking up things to make Eddie famous on the air, he alleges. And Mr. Cantor, he says, hasn't paid him what he promised for all this.

Mr. Cantor doesn't deny that he used a lot of Mr. Freedman's jokes, this being a custom of radio entertainers. But in his answer to the suit, he says he doesn't owe Dave a cent, but that Dave owes him about $3,000. He and Mr. Freedman agreed to collaborate in some magazine articles, he says, on a fifty-fifty basis, but when the money came in Dave not only took his share but induced Eddie to loan him his share and never paid it back.

Some of the hundreds and hundreds of lines of funny stuff which Mr. Freedman says he sweated to pass on to Eddie are printed below on this page.

There's Nothing Funny About Thinking Up a Funny Joke—Mr. Freedman Searching Around For an Idea.

Well, Let's See How This Would Look on Paper.

By Golly, It's a Corker! The Joke Safely Nailed.

Eddie Cantor at the Microphone, Thinking Up a Good Joke of His Own.

Lady Godiva was the biggest gambler that ever lived. She put all she had on a horse.

I regret that I have only one wife to send to the country.

Oh, he's all right in his place.
Yeah, but he's gotta die to get there.

Nice apartment you got—do they ask much for rent?
Sure, they ask all the time.

I don't like codfish, and I'm glad I don't like it, because if I liked it, I'd eat it and I hate the darned stuff!

She's so fat she has to use inner tubes for garters.

It was nice of you to send your wife away for a vacation.
Heaven knows! I needed it!

Eddie, you're nuts. You ought to get an alienist to examine you.
No Sir! An American doctor is good enough for me.

The only thing that saves you from being a barefaced liar is your mustache.

You say you were born in New York?
Yeah, I wanted to be near my mother.

You complained about having spots before your eyes, so the doctor told you to get a pair of glasses. Did they help you any?
Sure, now I can see the spots much better.

You say your wife's got the worst memory on earth—does she forget everything?
No, she remembers everything.

Old? Listen, she knew the Big Dipper when it was nothing but a drinking cup.

Her feet are so big when she takes off her shoes she's half undressed.

The only men she kisses are her brothers.
I didn't know she belonged to a lodge.

Gee! What a wonderful dream I had! I dreamt that you and I died and that after we died we never saw each other again.
Why not?
Because I went to heaven.

You like this room, Eddie? I put up that wall paper myself, but I can't figure out why those lumps are on the wall.
You dope! You forgot to take down the pictures.

I'd rather play bridge with a bad loser than any kind of a winner.

The Modern Little Red Riding Hood.

Announcer: Tonight Eddie is going to be Little Red Riding Hood. It's a long time since he was a child and he hardly remembers the story, but he will do his best.

Cantor: Ah, listen to the little birdies.
(Automobile horns.)
It's so lonesome in these woods.
(More horns and voices.)
So quiet! Not a soul in sight.
(Loud horn.)
What is that big car pulling up alongside of me?
Wolf: H'yar baby—where are those good looking legs carrying you?
Cantor: To my granny's—and there won't be any heels dragging along, either...Scram, loafer!
Wolf: Aw, come on, cutie—you look so nice in your little red cape...You're a little peach!
Cantor: Oh, no! I'm a grapefruit.
Wolf: A grapefruit?
Cantor: Yes—you just try and squeeze me and you'll get it right in the eye!
Wolf: Hop in—I'll give you a lift.
Cantor: All right—but I'm a D. A. R.
Wolf: A Daughter of the American Revolution?
Cantor: No, D. A. R.—Don't act rough.
Wolf: Listen, Red, you look prettier every minute. Let's have one kiss—just a sample!
Cantor: I don't give samples—but I'll give you references. Scram!

If you're sick, why are you bouncing up and down like that?
I just took my medicine and I forgot to shake the bottle.

When I die how will I get that long white robe over my wings?
Don't worry about that—think of how you'll get your hat over your horns.

Strange Effects of Cross-Breeding.

Inventor: Mr. Cantor, I have already managed to cross oranges with watermelons.
Cantor: That's nothing. I once crossed a bridge with an automobile.
Inventor: Amazing! What was the result?
Cantor: The other side. But I've also crossed a dachshund with a zebra.
Inventor: What for?
Cantor: To make striped frankfurters. But that's nothing. I've got an uncle in Scotland who crossed an overcoat with a parrot. So when he hangs his coat in a restaurant and somebody tries to take it, the pocket opens up and says: "Hoot mon, MacPherson, somebody's trying to make away wie yer coat!"
Inventor: Still all this does not compare with my newest invention. See. It's shaped like a pistol, it's the color of a pistol and it's the same size as a pistol. What is it?
Cantor: You scientists! What is is what is not, ha—you know what it is not but what is it? Do you see this thing I have here? It's shaped like a banana; it's the color of a banana; it's the same size as a banana. What is it?
Inventor: Well, what is it?
Cantor: A banana.
Inventor: Stop joking. This that looks like a pistol is a wish machine. Wish and pull the trigger and you get your wish.
Cantor: (taking the pistol) I wish for a son, because I got five daughters. (The son appears on a whishing of wind.)
Son: Daddy, tell me the story of Adam and Eve.
Cantor: Sure son. At last I've got somebody in the family who'll see Adam's side of it. Well, Eve was born from Adam's rib, and——
Son: Was Eve jealous of Adam?
Cantor: Sure! They say every night after they went to bed Eve sneaked up and counted Adam's ribs. Well, later on there was a great flood and Noah put two of each kind of animal into his ark.
Son: Daddy, why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?
Cantor: Well—he didn't believe the story about the stork.

When You Lose at Bridge—And When You Win.

Cantor: I'm going to give my impression of a husband and wife coming home after losing at bridge.
(Music—Three O'clock in the Morning.)
Wife: You're gonna drive me out of my mind.
Cantor: That's no drive—that's a putt.
Wife: You're so bright they named a town after you—Marblehead.
Cantor: You're such a good card player they named a game after you—Rummy.
(Crash of milk bottles.)
Cantor: Did you put those bottles in front of the door so I'd break my neck?
Wife: No, but it's a good idea. You're sore because we lost at bridge.
Cantor: I'm not. I'm sore because your mother came to spend a week-end and has been here for a year and a half. I'm sore because you gave me a veal chop that sprained my jaw.
Wife: Why, whatever I cook I put my heart in it.
Cantor: No wonder it was tough as steel.
(Baby cries.)
Wife: Now you woke up the baby.
Cantor: What's he always hollering about?
Wife: He's teething.
Cantor: Teething! What does he need teeth for—at his age?
Mother: What's that racket?
Cantor: What's your mother hollering about—she teething too?
Wife: Mother's been nursing a grouch for two weeks.
Cantor: I didn't know your father was sick. Listen, I'm hungry. What happened to that roast duck in the icebox?
Wife: Mother ate it. She's so fond of duck she'd give half her life for one.
Cantor: Oh, yeah? Tomorrow night, I'll bring two!

Cantor: Now I'll show what happens when the same couple wins at bridge.
(Happy laughter.)
Cantor: Good old home sweet home! Let me open the door for you, Toodles.
(Crash of milk bottles.)
Wife: Oh, did you hurt yourself, dearest?
Cantor: No, Poopsy. Gee, it was awfully sweet of your mother to come and mind the baby.
Wife: Darling, you're so sweet when you win at bridge.
Cantor: Why, Snookey, I'm the same whether I win or lose. I'm just happy because I'm married to the loveliest little wifey in the world.
(Baby cries.)
Cantor: Oh, I woke the baby. What a shame. How is the little angel?
Wife: He's teething.
Cantor: Poor little man! But won't we be proud of his first little toothy-woothy.
Mother: Is that you, Tessie?
Cantor: Your dear, darling mother is up. Mother, Tessie played divinely.
Wife: No, mother. It was Eddie who played like a master.
Cantor: No, lovey-ducky, it was you. When you played that Kingy-Wingy on my Jacky-Wacky and won the tricky-wicky, we made a grand slammy-wammy and that won the gamey-wamey for us, sugar pie. Look, honey, I'm hungry. Is there anything to eat in the housey-wousey? What about that nice roast ducky-wucky?
Wife: Mother ate it.
Cantor: Oh, she ate it, huh? Didn't she leave me a teeny wingy?
Wife: You know how your mother loves roast ducky. She'd give half her life for one.
Cantor: Oh, yeah? Then tomorrow night I'll STILL bring two ducky-wuckies.

Last night I dreamt I died.
Did the heat wake you up?

Half the pedestrians walk as if they owned the streets.
Yeah, and half the drivers drive as if they owned the cars.

The Three Little Pigs aren't afraid of the Big Bad Wolf any more. He's running a kosher butcher shop now.

Why are you dressed up like an Indian?
The hotels were so crowded I had to dress like an Indian to get a reservation.

You know what a roadster is?
Sure, a roadster is a chicken's husband.

Bell Hop: A nickel tip? Say, the champion tightwad in this town always gives me a dime.
Cantor: Shake hands with the new champion.

It was certainly nice of your husband to buy you that fur coat.
He had to...I caught him kissing the maid.
How dreadful...did you fire her?
Not yet. I still need a new hat.

I just married a woman so rich I won't ever have to work again.
I see—a case of loaf at first sight.

Sure I play bridge. One night I won sixteen rubbers and twenty-one umbrellas.

Wife: The maid quit—she said you spoke to her insultingly over the phone.
Cantor: I thought I was talking to you.

Wife: Our new neighbor waves kisses to his wife from the sidewalk. Why don't you do that?
Cantor: I don't even know her yet.

Only trouble is I got no curtains in the bathroom, so I can't take a bath, because the neighbors might see me.
Don't worry—if the neighbors see you, they'll buy the curtains.

Mr. Givot's Uncle's Circus.

But Mr. Freedman has other clients, for example, George Givot and Fanny Brice. Here is a sample of the humor he hands George, he says:

Givot: I inherited this circus from my uncle, Enoch, the egg king. He ate two hundred eggs at each performance, eight shows every day.
Steve: Good heavens, you mean he ate sixteen hundred eggs a day?
Givot: You said it, kit, but he had to quit.
Steve: Why?
Givot: They wouldn't give him time off for his regular meals. One day everything went wrong. The India Rubber man had a terrible accident.
Steve: What happened?
Givot: He ran down three flights of stairs before he realized he had his arm caught in the door!. My uncle's horse took sick.
Steve: Did she have pneumonia.
Givot: No, just a little colt. My uncle put powder in a pipe, and put one end in his mouth and one end in the horse's mouth. But the horse blew first.
Steve: Was the powder strong?
Givot: Strong? My uncle sneezed twice after he died.
Steve: Is that new barker a good speaker?
Givot: Sure, once he spoke before a large audience.
Steve: What did he say?
Givot: Not guilty.
Steve: Mr. Givot, what is puppy love?
Givot: Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.
Steve: Mr. Givot, a lady says send her a genuine Louis the Fourteenth bed.
Givot: We no got Louis the Fourteenth bed. Send her twin beds of Louis the Seventh. It's the same thing.
Steve: She says—send beds and if good will send check.
Givot: Tell her send check and if good will send beds.

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Masqueraded As Pretty Girl To Rob His Admirers

A SLENDER, fashionably-dressed young individual with ash-blonde curls dropped a pair of women's gloves the other afternoon on a street in Glasgow, Scotland, and that started something that led to a court case described by the public prosecutor as the most extraordinary one in which he had ever figured.

Mr. Albert Moreland, a stout and middle-aged insurance agent, waiting for a homeward-bound bus, picked up the gloves, tipped his bowler hat, and returned them. As he did so, he received a coquettish smile that made him lose all interest in the dinner that was waiting for him in his modest suburban villa.

Presently, Mr. Moreland was in a telephone booth telling his family that he would not be home to dinner because Mr. McClintock, a good customer from Edinburgh, had dropped into town unexpectedly and had to be entertained. A few minutes later Mr. Moreland and the amiable vision with ash-blonde curls were getting acquainted in a private dining-room in a discreet little restaurant on a side street.

They had cocktails before dinner, wine with the meal, and brandy afterwards. Mr. Moreland enjoyed himself so much he did not notice that he was doing most of the drinking. His companion had a ready line of sprightly stories, but they were not new. Having heard most of them before, Mr. Moreland listened patiently, laughed at the right time, and kept on drinking brandy. After a while his eyes drooped, he nodded, and then dropped off to sleep.

A feeling that someone was going through his pockets awakened him just in time to see that his dinner partner was about to make away with his watch, wallet and gold-rimmed spectacles. He jumped up, shouted, and made a grab for his property but received a blow on the chin that was delivered with more force and accuracy than is customary with fashionably dressed young ladies.

Hearing the commotion, the proprietor burst into the private dining-room and seized the thief, who began to deride him with words no well-bred girl ought to know. But it was not the abusive language that astonished the proprietor and Mr. Moreland. It was the fact that in the struggle the ash-blonde curls were skinned off as neatly as if the thief had been scalped by an Indian, and falling to the floor, revealed a dark shingled head.

"A man!" gasped Mr. Moreland, dumfounded and also chagrined. He blinked at the powdered cheeks and

In the Struggle the Blonde Curls Were Skinned Off As If the "Girl" Had Been Scalped by an Indian. A Dark Shingled, Masculine Head Was Revealed.

rouged lips, and added: "Well, I'll say one thing for you, you certainly took me in!"

The man in woman's clothing smirked and replied:

"I ought to be able to do that without much trouble. I'm a female impersonator, and one of the best in the profession, I'll have you know. I made good money at it, too, until the music hall business got so bad I could no longer get engagements."

So that was it! Unable to make a living on the stage, this 25-year-old female impersonator, Mr. James McLucky, had found that he could make profitable use of his talents in another field.

When the police were called in, they were happy to have Mr. James McLucky in their custody, for they felt at once that his arrest might explain a number of cases that had been puzzling them—and they were right. In his room in a boarding house, they found an assortment of wigs of various styles and colors, and a complete supply of theatrical make-up with different shades of powder and grease-paint, which could be used to imitate any type of complexion. There was also a wardrobe of feminine clothing suitable to any occasion and appropriate for a woman of any age or position.

The police soon found that the range of Mr. McLucky's impersonations was wide and varied, and that explained one reason why he had been able to play his game successfully for some time without getting caught. He made it a point not to go out on the streets twice in the same getup. So after each of his robberies, a different description of him was given to the police, who thought they were looking for a number of women and did not know that all of those puzzling cases could be cleared up by the arrest of one individual, and that individual, a man.

One time Mr. McLucky might be a demure school-girl, dressed in a sailor hat, middy blouse, short pleated serge skirt and low-heeled shoes, with long auburn curls down his back and text books under his arm. Another time he might be a flashy young thing with bobbed henna hair, jade earrings and clinging evening dress—the type that frequents cheap dance halls. Still again he might be a brisk, honey-headed business girl in a tailored suit. Or a dark-haired, fun-loving young woman in sports costume, with a tennis racket in his hand. On another occasion he might be a gray-headed old lady in taffeta, with a reticule, and might find a victim alone in a compartment of a railway carriage and rifle his pockets and baggage when he fell asleep.

Then he might dress himself up as visiting nurse from the health department, and go from house to house, on the pretense of gathering statistics about common colds and other mild complaints that do not ordinarily have to be reported to authorities. Before leaving, he would ask for a drink of water, and when the housewife left the room, he could pick up anything valuable that might be lying around.

At the trial, Mr. Anderson, the prosecutor, said in his whole career he had never encountered a case equal to this one. McLucky's only defense was that poverty had forced him to use his abilities in this manner. But the Magistrate sentenced him to three months in prison.

Why The Court Won't Ask Lord Tavistock To Stay Home

IN ONE of the most peculiar suits that have ever come before it, the English Divorce Court has just decided that Lord Tavistock need not return to his wife whom he has left, although she has not been unfaithful to him. Lady Tavistock brought the suit for restoration of her conjugal rights and has lost it.

Lord Tavistock is the oldest son of the Duke of Bedford, an exceedingly rich and important nobleman. The young lord is not only pious, but follows an exceedingly simple, austere and puritanical mode of life. There is probably no one at all like him in ducal society. His wife, who was Miss Crommelin Whitwell and 20 years old when he married her, was not quite so highly born as himself, but an enthusiast for his ideas at first.

They lived a simple country life at Peasmarsh, near Rye, Sussex. He expected her to follow his puritanical mode of life in every way, which she did, until they engaged a tutor for their three children, the Rev. Cecil Squire, who had been at college with Lord Tavistock.

The Rev. Mr. Squire is a man of magnetic personality, a fervent Anglo-Catholic, or High Church Episcopalian, a creed which aims to make religion attractive and colorful and does not shun the pleasures of life such as music, a visit to the theatre and an occasional glass of wine. From the moment he entered the house Lady Tavistock showed a distaste for her husband's austere mode of life and for him.

Finally Lord Tavistock Left His Wife Altogether and Wrote Briefly, Giving His Reasons and Offering Reasonable Financial Provision for Her.

Judge Bucknill said that Lord Tavistock alleged that his wife formed an intimate and clandestine affection for Mr. Squire, although there was no evidence of immorality, and allowed him to become the dominating influence in her life. She treated her husband coldly, according to the allegations, showed him marks of repulsion and refused to act as a wife.

Lord Tavistock was greatly occupied with his philanthropic interests and was out of the house for most evenings of the week and for a considerable part of the day. Lady Tavistock and the Rev. Squire were left alone, they dined together, shared the life of the children and called one another by their first names.

"Lord Tavistock," commented the judge solemnly, "takes a rigid and austere view of life and dislikes many things, some of which he calls 'pagan,' but which most men do not actively dislike. He dislikes boarding schools for boys, alcohol, tobacco, playing cards for money and betting. He does not play games and took very little interest in his wife's dress."

After marriage, as Lady Tavistock expressed it, "she trailed along in her husband's wake." There was complete agreement between them in matters of religion, but after Mr. Squire settled down in the house she began to change her views. She became an Anglo-Catholic and attended early Episcopalian Mass with him, calling him in the morning. At the same time she ceased to take an interest in her husband's philanthropies.

"In the answer to the petition," said the judge, "there are details given of the intimate and clandestine affection for him."

Lord Tavistock ignored several letters in which the writers said he would do well to get rid of Mr. Squire. But when he took a house for the shooting and fishing in Scotland he received a warning that he could not ignore. It made certain suggestions about Lady Tavistock and Mr. Squire and said they were making a fool of him.

Lord Tavistock then came to the conclusion that it would be best for the Rev. Mr. Squire to leave. He told his wife so. Mr. Squire was not in the house. She undertook to break the news to him, and she seems to have done so with every expression of sympathy. Mr. Squire then saw Lord Tavistock and told him he would leave, and it was agreed he should go in a few months.

Lord Tavistock then said. "What about the statements in this letter, Squire?" The clergyman became extremely indignant and bustled out of the room.

After this Lord Tavistock said that his wife showed a violent change towards him that for several days she hardly spoke to him, and when she answered his remarks she did so with a grunt. Relations grew so unpleasant that Lord Tavistock left the house for several days.

On his return he found no difference in the attitude of his wife towards him. Neither did Mr. Squire leave at once as he expected him to do. So his lordship went away again, and so did Lady Tavistock. Before going away his lordship wrote a letter to his wife and one to Mr. Squire. In the letter to his wife, whom he addressed as "Darling One," he said:

"I cannot think of anything I said or did to you or Cecil to account for the almost unbelievable change in your manner and in your feelings towards me. . . . What has happened to make it possible? . . . I hope you are not hurt by my suggesting that you might be in love with Cecil. . . .

"When a woman who is normally a Christian, with plenty of balance, suddenly begins to show you she does not wish you to touch her, and seldom speaks to her husband and keeps the time she spends with him as short as possible, one would be right in suggesting there has been a change of affection.

"The atmosphere which settled down after Cecil's arrival was as cramped, as unhappy and as unChristlike as a London fog.

"It was an infinite mistake that we should have been all together. . . . The position was made more grave by the fact that we were friends."

In the letter to the Rev. Mr. Squire he wrote:

"The last thing I wish to do is to hurt or to worry you more. . . but the prolongation of your stay had a most disastrous effect on Crommelin (Lady Tavistock) and her attitude to me. When we were alone together she soon began to show signs of a quite active dislike, which I hope will not prove permanent. . . .

"In the circumstances, I am obliged to conclude that you have an influence over her which is unhappy in some of its results as it is difficult to account for, as I am sure that in all your dealings with her you have been actuated by the best motives."

At this point Lady Tavistock began to lead an entirely different life. She spent a good deal of money and, the Judge thought, indulged more whole-heartedly in the "pagan," but harmless, joys of life which Lord Tavistock disliked. Finally, Lord Tavistock left his wife altogether, and wrote giving his reasons.

"My health has been seriously affected by the strain," he wrote, "and as for a long time you have made it very clear that you do not wish to live with me as my wife, there is really nothing you want from me, but my money."

He complained that she had called him "the most cruel, mean and conceited person she had met," and he said he considered her the most disloyal person he had ever met. He offered to make financial provision.

In reply to this Lady Tavistock wrote:

"It seems terribly sad that you should have worried yourself into such a state of unhappiness. . . . I am afraid I cannot accept your financial proposals, as they are based on us not living together, and I must insist on us living together, there being no valid reason why we should not."

She refused to give up her friendship for the Rev. Mr. Squire and Lord Tavistock refused to live with her. She wanted her Squire and her husband, too, and so she brought her suit to compel Lord Tavistock to take her back as a wife. The Judge decided Lord Tavistock had reason for leaving her and dismissed her petition.

Neon Light Fed Daily By Eel's Electrical Emotions

THERE is an electric eel at the Aquarium in New York which several times a week puts on one of the most remarkable vaudeville performances ever seen.

Billed as "Electrophorus electricus"—a high-class theatrical name if there ever was one—the eel's specialty is lighting a couple of neon bulbs. He does this all by himself, with no storage battery to aid him.

An electric eel is a very emotional creature and when he is cross he is very cross and when he is hungry waves of emotion run all over him. Then there is the device to pay because his emotions are pure, unadulterated, direct current electricity.

But the interesting thing about this eel is not the fact that he gives off electricity—generations of eels have done that—it is that for the first time in history an eel is using his electricity for some other purpose than to shock the life out of his enemies or his prey.

Credit for this aspect of the situation must go—not to the eel himself—but to aquarium officials who rigged up the ingenious lighting device. After a number of unsuccessful experiments, the present apparatus was installed. It consists of neon bulbs in sockets directly above the eel's tank. Wires run out from either side of the bulbs. On one side they terminate in an antenna of aluminum wire submerged in the water of the tank, at the other, in a blunt metal hook, about the length of a boat-hook, likewise submerged in the tank. When, in an emotional moment, the eel touches either the antenna or the hook, the bulbs begin to glow.

At first, the performances were put on as often as three times a day but after a few weeks the eel began to look sort of run down so the officials decided to space them farther apart. Now, they only take place two or three times a week, "only," as Mr. C. W. Coates of the aquarium staff says, "when the poor fellow looks as though he were up to it."

"Investigations into the nature of the eel's electricity are still proceeding," Mr. Coates says. "The electric organs are known to be three pairs of muscle-like tissue which probably generate their power chemically much as do the nerves of a human being. One report of somewhat authenticity gives the value of the eel's shock at about 600 volts, and while this report may be doubtful it is a fact that a shock is sufficient to completely paralyze a man's muscles while the current is still flowing.

"An interesting thing about the eel is that it can, apparently, regulate the power of the current it releases. This may be demonstrated by using an eel which is comparatively tame, in which case the eel will release a small shock if it is stroked or pushed about by its keeper, but will release a paralyzing one if it is in fear, as when it is about to be moved and finds itself in a net."

Electric eels are found in the waters of northern South America. They have no teeth and use their electricity both in self defense and to shock small fish into such a state of insensibility that they can be swallowed whole.

Parrot Tried And Convicted For High Treason

"DOWN with the King! Long live the Republic!" These patriotic cheers issued loudly from one of the houses in the main street of Sphakia, a small community on the Isle of Crete, Greece. Passers-by smiled at each other when they heard the repeated cheers though they knew well enough that political conditions, since the government decree on the restoration of the monarchy in Greece had been passed, were anything but favorable for such demonstrations. The population of Crete, strongly Republican in feeling, has been Venizelos's staunchest supporter in his revolt against the royalistic government, and it gave refuge to the aged revolutionary after the failure of his upheaval. And though their leader escaped abroad, the inhabitants of Crete remained loyal in their hearts to the ideas he stood for.

But no inhabitant of Crete would have dared to cheer the Republic so openly because government officials would have reported them immediately, and that, of course, meant death. Who was it, then, repeating in a loud, shrill voice over and over again the dangerous words: "Long live the Republic! Down with the King!"?

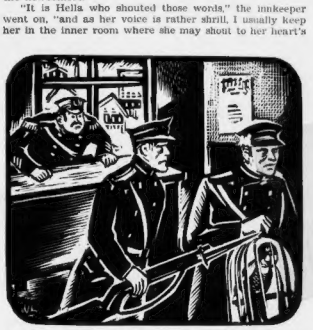
A military patrol, making its round, halted in front of the house from which these highly treasonable sounds came. They discussed what they should do, and finally two of them went into the house to arrest the offender. They entered a large room which seemed to be an inn as several men sat about drinking and chatting. The owner of the place came forward and greeted the uniformed men civilly. He was a red-cheeked, jovial man with innocent-looking blue eyes, and his smile, too, was friendly as he introduced himself.

"Joseph Tinocsipolus. Anything I can do for you?"

The soldiers sternly replied that having heard somebody repeatedly cheering the Republic they came to arrest him as one guilty of high treason.

"Oh!" You mean Hella, don't you?" said the innkeeper with a broad grin, pointing to a cage in a corner of the room. A brilliantly colored parrot sat there staring at the newcomers.

"It is Hella who shouted those words," the innkeeper went on, "and as her voice is rather shrill, I usually keep her in the inner room where she may shout to her heart's



The Garrulous, Unpatriotic Parrot Was Court-Martialed, Gravely the Members Found the Bird Guilty of Treason, and Ordered the Offender to Be Executed.

content as nobody can hear her. But she looked kind of lonely today, so I thought I'd give her a treat for once in a while and bring her into the bar. Now then Hella!" he turned to the bird and she immediatey responded by shouting in the same high-pitched, shrill voice the soldiers had heard in the street: "Down with the King! Long live the Republic!"

The soldiers were at a loss what to do. At last one of them had a big idea.

"But it was you who taught the parrot these words," he turned to the innkeeper, "with the purpose of making anti-royalist, anti-patriotic propaganda in this way. You as the owner and teacher of the parrot are responsible for it. You are therefore, under arrest."

"Indeed, I am not responsible for the parrot," the innkeeper protested. "When I bought her a couple of months ago I thought I could teach her other words, too, but I failed, as she refuses to say anything but these words, apparently taught her by her previous owner. All these men," he pointed to his guests, "can testify that this is the truth."

The customers affirmed the innkeeper's words. Apparently the innkeeper, bored with Hella's monotonous ejaculations, tried to sell the parrot but nobody wanted her.

The two soldiers were in doubt what to do. They didn't wish to make fools of themselves, but on the other hand, the parrot was a dangerous bird. It shouted aloud things which perhaps corresponded with the inhabitants' own, secret feelings, thus making propaganda for ideas which the government were trying hard to suppress.

Amidst the customers' amused chuckles, and the innkeeper's vigorous protests, the parrot was carried away by the soldiers. Where they passed along the street people crowded around them wondering what the curious caravan of soldiers holding a parrot who shouted furiously: "Down with the King!" might mean. The soldiers were glad to reach the nearest police-station and to hand over the parrot charged with high treason. The job ended there. But the question as to what should happen to the parrot was not yet solved.

The authorities puzzled over the problem, law experts pored over books in the hope of finding some reference to a similar case but all was of no avail. No animal charged with high treason had ever been recorded in the annals of the police. But the parrot, unaware of what was happening around her, continued her treasonable utterances.

The bird had to be done away with and in a way that would serve as a warning to other similar-minded beings. The bird was court-martialed. The members of the court martial finally passed sentence. Their verdict ended with the words:

"Thus the court, having found the parrot guilty of high treason and anti-patriotic propaganda, sentences it to death. As a warning to all indulging in similar propaganda, the parrot will be shot exactly as if it were a human being."

Preparations that were not at all elaborate were immediately made for the sad, disgraceful close of the talkative bird's life. There was probably a moral in the incident for garrulous citizens. At any rate, Polly was duly executed and buried in a traitor's grave.

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Tin Can Tourists Traveling in Luxury

Housecars and Trailers With Many Ingenious Devices Now in the Southern Camps

Cottages on Wheels With Bathtub, Hot Water, a Heating Plant and Even a Cellar

The Three-Room, Streamlined Trailer Cottage on Wheels of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Williams. This Interesting Movable Home Is 21 Feet Long and Has All the Conveniences Mr. Williams Could Think of When He Designed and Built It.

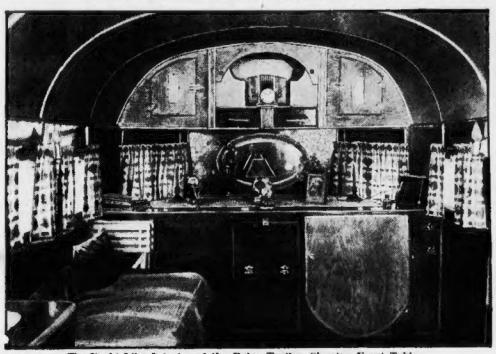
LIKE the birds that fly south in the Winter and migrate north in Summer, the Tin Can Tourists have grown in numbers until more than 200,000 of these travelers are moving over American highways, hauling their bedrooms, parlors and kitchens along with them. Only fifteen years ago these automobile tourists carried a primitive tent which they tediously packed and unpacked from running boards and back seats. But now these motor-gipsies move about in luxurious traveling cottages.

A few years ago these wanderers cooked and kept warm by campfires at the doors of their tents, but now the comforts of a house on wheels are theirs. Some of the Tin Can Tourists travel in housecars, while others hitch a trailer to their automobile. And as the changes in automobile models have lowered the height and streamlined the car, so the styles of housecar and trailer have been revised.

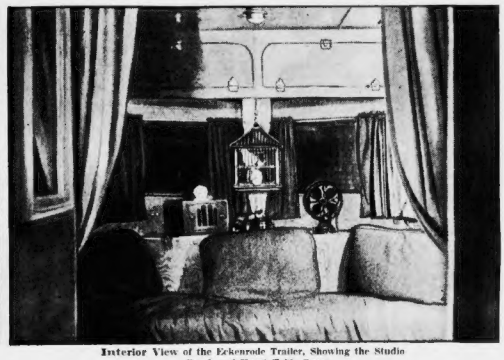
Several Southern cities have established municipal camps for these tourists and one of the largest is at Dade City, Florida. One of the best known housecars in that camp at present was built eleven years ago by M. W. Currier, who was even then a veteran camper. "Ma" and "Pa" Currier, as they are affectionately known in tourist encampments, admit that their car, once the last word in camping comfort and a three days wonder in the villages through which it passed, is now a trifle old-fashioned in comparison with most of its neighbors, but they wouldn't change it for the world. They cannot be induced to give up their comfortable housecar bed, an early model which lets down from the wall, even when they spend a few weeks each Summer with their children in Connecticut. Their 31½-foot gray housecar, only 11½ feet long, has electric lights, radio and upholstered windowseat, in addition to the bed, and a practical kitchen unit.

Parked near the Curriers' establishment can often be found the streamline trailer home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Williams and daughter, Louise, of South New Berlin, New York. Built last Summer by Mr. Williams himself, this trailer is famous for its perfection of detail and the plan has been adapted by a manufacturer.

The 25-Foot "Gooseneck" Trailer Home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolus. This Comfortable Residence on Wheels Has Unusual Storage Space, Including Even a Cellar.



The Yacht-Like Interior of the Bolus Trailer, Showing Front Table and Storage Space, Extension Table and Divan.



Interior View of the Eckenrode Trailer, Showing the Studio Couch and Front Table Space.

Twenty-one feet long by 6½ feet wide, with an interior height of six feet one inch, it rests on a steel chassis which extends in front to form a ball socket hitch. The bow shaped roof rests on single pieces of ash which were steamed into curves. The floor is tightly constructed of one-inch white pine, and the entire trailer body is insulated, with double insulation in the ceiling. The outside is finished in brown imitation leather treated with wax. The entire interior is sealed in fir with a natural finish, and the golden tint of the wood is matched in the inlaid linoleum floor covering. An astonishing effect of spaciousness is produced by the long lines, the light colored walls and ceiling, and the ten well proportioned windows.

The end farthest from the automobile hitch is the "master bedroom." There a recessed, built-in, full sized bed on box springs extends the width of the trailer, and does not have to be slid into the wall or folded into a davenport during the day. Above the window a hat closet extends the length of the bed and beneath the bed are capacious linen drawers. Small seats adjoining the bed at each end are used for shoe closets, and next to these are two full length clothes closets, 26 by 19 inches, whose doors when opened out simultaneously, form the bedroom wall, effectively separating bed and dressing room from the rest of the interior. This closet door device is found in many late trailers and housecars, although relatively few have stationary beds. Many of the doors are fitted with mirrors or make-up cabinets.

In the central section of the Williams' cottage-on-wheels is the kitchen unit—a model kitchen in miniature—composed of built-in cabinets on either side, reaching from floor to windows and from windows to ceiling. One cabinet contains the sink and ice box; the other, the two giant-burner oil stove, oven, work table and sliding breadboard. When out of use, stove and sink are covered with fitted lids, making an unbroken and decorative table surface. Every other inch of space is utilized for cabinets.

An archway hung with portieres of natural colored Italian repp, matching the window curtains, separates the kitchen from the front compartment which does triple duty as dinette, living room, and second bedroom. Here a roomy English breakfast nook has seats which can be extended to any desired width for daytime lounging, and by removing the table, can be easily converted into a full width bed with box springs.

A similar convertible breakfast nook is found in the brand-new factory made trailer which is the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Eckenrode of Elyria, Ohio. This 16 foot trailer is also finished in fir, with upholstery, curtains and portieres of a woven russet and green fabric in attractive contrast to the light colored walls. In front is a studio couch and built-in table, with a canary, at home above, ready to assist the radio in entertaining the family. The breakfast nook is beneath the rear window, and in the center is a kitchenette with monel metal furnishings.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolus of Mansfield, Ohio, who were on the stage for many years and now supervise camp entertainments, arrived at the Dade City camp this year in a luxurious trailer, 25 feet long, and constructed with the popular "goose-neck" hitch. Although it does not contain quite such elaborate cabinet work, the interior is much like that of the Williams' trailer, with stationary bed in the rear. It has an ample sub-floor storage space known as the "cellar" and its special pride is a small stationary bathtub under a sliding floor panel. As a crowning glory Mr. Bolus is installing a hot-water system.

In the front of this trailer is a long divan, and a folding wall-table which can be extended to accommodate a dinner party. As in most models, the bow, or curved front section provides living-room table space while above and beneath are cupboards.

One of the year's most elaborate three-room models is the new home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bruce and their son, Mark, of Evansville, Wisconsin. Built on conservative streamlines, with goose-neck hitch, the trailer is 21½ feet long, and is two inches higher and wider than the Williams and Bolus trailers. The outside finish is of battleship-gray masonite, and the ivory painted ceiling is beamed with fir finished in light mahogany, matching the walls and cabinet work.

Besides a stationary bed, the 7½ foot alcove in the rear contains two clothes closets, tiny built-in dressing table, chemical toilet, and the usual storage space above and below the bed. Unique features are the soiled clothes chute in one of the closets, and a special compartment for Mrs. Bruce's tiny portable sewing machine. A folding door separates bedroom from the 4 feet by 6 feet, 8 inch kitchen, with inlaid linoleum wall panels, monel metal sink and table surface, and built-in refrigerator. Over the two-burner gasoline cook stove is a vent for fumes.

The living room is furnished with gate legged table and upholstered chairs, besides the davenport bed which can be converted either into a double bed or two berths one above the other. In one corner is another closet with mirror door, in the other a small model circulating wood or coal heater.

There are almost as many types of trailers as there are of stationary homes, and every one has some original, ingenious contrivance which is its owner's delight. Neither is there a set arrangement for interiors. One popular factory-built model, 14 feet, 4 inches by 6½ feet, has its outside door in the center of one side, a folding dining table opposite, studio couch in the front and kitchen unit in the rear. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Holman of Metamora, Illinois, travel in an outfit of this type.

All the better trailers and housecars are electrically lighted and have attractive wall fixtures and a generous supply of convenient sockets for electrical appliances. When camped where an electrical hook-up is impossible, the current is furnished by the automobile battery. Every outfit has a radio and some have both an electrical and automobile model.

Many of the kitchens have sinks, and these are usually furnished with running water by easily operated marine pumps, which pump water from large storage tanks hidden in the outside frame work. Cooking and heating is done by kerosene, gasoline, wood, and electric stoves, and in the smaller outfits one stove easily serves both purposes. Many traveling housewives bake bread, cakes, pies, put up preserves, and often entertain at dinner or bridge.

Excellent light and ventilation are provided in all the modern outfits by ceiling ventilators, all have hinges on the carefully constructed windows or sliding glasses and screens. Outside doors are often converted into screen doors by detaching movable panels.

A perennial food for friendly arguments is provided by the respective merits of the trailers and the housecars. The latter have by no means been shelved and more new models than usual are appearing this year. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Werts of Russell, Iowa, who will never swerve from their allegiance to the housecar, have a substantial 16 by 6½ foot model on a small truck chassis, which Mr. Werts had built last summer in modified streamline style with rounded front and V-shaped back. The exterior has a metal finish while the interior is done in leatherette with walnut trim, with a leather upholstered davenport bed beneath the rear windows. The floor is covered with a thick carpet and a tiny vacuum cleaner is carried. An extra amount of storage space is provided by drawers which open on the outside from the lower part of the body. Mr. Werts points out that housecars are safer to drive and easier to park, with no hitching or unhitching to annoy the impatient traveler.

Among the many others who prefer the housecar are the Royal Chief of the Tin Can Tourists, James A. Smith of Deposit, New York, and Mrs. Smith, who have traveled through forty-two states in their bungalow on wheels, which is often called upon to serve as office and committee room for official business of the organization.

Another is Elliott L. Gyger of Alliance, Ohio, retired newspaper man and assistant secretary of the Tin Can Tourists, who, with Mrs. Gyger and often another couple, has traversed the entire country in a roomy six or seven-year-old housecar, and has no desire to change. The car contains two full-size beds, the one in the rear folding into a davenport, and the other magically dividing in the middle, each end disappearing into the wall, and making plenty of space for the housekeeping and writing pursuits of the family.

It is generally cheaper to buy a manufactured trailer, as surprisingly good stock models of many makes can be purchased for as little as $400, the prices ranging upward to $1,000. Special-built models are said to run as high as $3,500, or as much as one cares to pay. The Eckenrode trailer, mentioned above, one of the better popular makes, costs $650. The Williams, Bolus and Bruce trailers would probably be valued around $1,200 or $1,500.

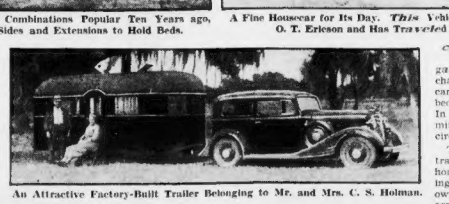
Many trailer owners build a medium-priced stock model, then install extra conveniences. But the average $500 trailer, as it comes from the manufacturer, would be about 15½ feet long, and includes davenport bed with storage space, at least one clothes closet, stove, sink, refrigerator, worktable and folding or sliding table for eating, lighting fixtures and floor covering. Housecars, of course, cannot be purchased so cheaply, as the price of the engine must be included, but their price range is similar to that of the trailers.

Practically all outfits have some variety of toilet—some are chemical, concealed in a small chest or under upholstered seat. Every recognized Florida tourist camp has a heated, lighted hall or other buildings with sanitary plumbing arrangements, containing ample toilet and shower bath facilities for a large number of camping visitors, but some outfits carry their own tubs and collapsible wash benches.

Many of the travelers never leave their housecar or trailer. Some own large homes, which they rent or give over to their children and visit occasionally; others sell out completely. In the Summer they may be found anywhere from San Diego to Quebec. George H. Williams' nineteen-year-old daughter, Louise, has spent her entire life traveling and camping, first in tents, has been to school all over the continent and attended six different high schools.

One of the Old-Time Tent and Trailer Combinations Popular Ten Years ago, Which Had Collapsible Canvas Sides and Extensions to Hold Beds.

A Fine Housecar for Its Day. This Vehicle Was Made Ten Years Ago by O. T. Ericson and Has Traveled Every State in the Union.



An Attractive Factory-Built Trailer Belonging to Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Holman.

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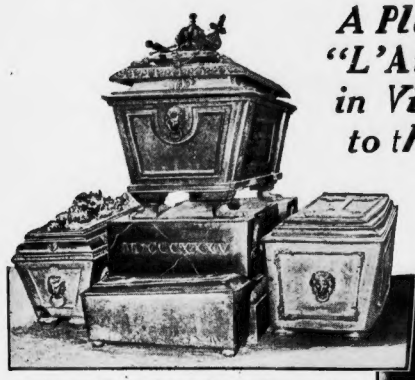
The Bones of Napoleon's Son to Rest Beside Him?

A Plan to Transfer the Body of the Unhappy "L'Aiglon" From the Gloomy Hapsburg Vaults in Vienna, Where He Lies By His Mother, to the Glorious Invalides Chapel in Paris



Tombs in the Celebrated Capuchin Chapel, in Vienna. (Center), That of the Emperor Franz; (Right), That of His Daughter, Napoleon's Wife; (Left), That of the Duke of Reichstadt, Her Son.

PARIS, January 11.

ONCE more there is a strong movement to bring back from Vienna to France the body of the great Napoleon's son, the young King of Rome, called Duke of Reichstadt by the Austrians and celebrated as "L'Aiglon" by the poets.

The Duke of Reichstadt lies in the gloomy Chapel of the Capuchins, where the members of the imperial Hapsburg family, to which he belonged through his mother, have been buried for 200 years.

Several times in the course of a century proposals have been made to bring back the body, but they have been vetoed, usually by the Austrian Emperor and sometimes by the French authorities. But French worshipers of Napoleon have never ceased to work for their object. Today there lies a bronze wreath on the tomb with the French words:

"A L'Aiglon, October 3, 1921."

It can be appreciated that the Hapsburgs did not care to have a member of their family carried away to France, but they have fallen, and it is understood that the present Austrian Government which controls the chapel would have no objection to giving up the body, especially if it could obtain some concession in return.

It is recalled that the return of Napoleon's body from St. Helena to be buried in the Invalides in 1840 caused a revival of the Napoleonic cult and ended in placing Napoleon III on the throne. A similar result might follow the return of the Duke de Reichstadt's body to France. He would presumably be buried in the Invalides near his father. But there is now no Bonapartist candidate who arouses much enthusiasm among the French people, and it is probable that ceremonies connected with the return of the Duke's body would at most increase the prestige of the militarist element.

Undoubtedly the return of the conqueror's son would be accompanied by stirring demonstrations in France.

Edouard Herriot, recently Prime Minister, was asked, when on a mission to Vienna, to secure the return of the bones, and could probably have done so, but refused, presumably because he did not want a Napoleonic revival. Now the attitude of the French Government is said to be different.

L'Aiglon has been called the most pathetic and the most tragic figure in modern history. Born the only legitimate son of the world's greatest conqueror, made a King immediately after his birth and idolized by his father, he found himself after four brief years of glory, a prisoner in a gilded cage, a tool of heartless diplomats, separated most of the time from his mother and entirely from his father, who was sent to die on faraway St. Helena.

After Waterloo, the Austrian Emperor made Marie Louise, his daughter and Napoleon's wife, Duchess of Parma to give her a fitting position. There she consoled herself for the loss of the French throne with the affections of the assiduous Austrian Count Neipperg. But the Austrian Emperor considered the only safe place for the young Napoleon was in Vienna, under the watchful eyes of a host of tutors and soldiers, because Frenchmen were constantly conspiring to put him on the throne.

A large part of the world, including the French nation, will always believe that young Napoleon's life was maliciously destroyed in order that a Napoleonic revival might be prevented and that intrigues of the vilest kind were carried on with this object.

Young Napoleon was a handsome and healthy child while he lived in France and continued to be so in Vienna until he was approaching adolescence. His silver-gilt cradle ordered by Napoleon was the wonder of the time. He was only three years old when his father went away on the disastrous Moscow campaign. Then came the defeat at Leipzig and the exile to Elba. Before Leipzig, Napoleon said:

Sarah Bernhardt as the Duke of Reichstadt, in Edmond Rostand's Famous Play, "L'Aiglon," Which Made Such a Tremendous Appeal to French Sentiment.

"I leave to the city of Paris what is dearest to me in the world after France —my only son."

After Leipzig, the little Napoleon was rushed away, first to Parma, and then to Vienna. His French governess, the old Countess de Montesquiou, who revered Napoleon, went with him, but after a time she was driven away. Every effort was made to make him forget his father and France, but the child was constantly asking about them.

When Napoleon abdicated he stipulated that he did so in favor of the King of Rome, and that if this condition were not observed the abdication was void. This condition was kept from the boy. He was always asking where his father was, and they told him he was in America. They removed the Napoleonic eagles and the King of Rome's crown from his books.

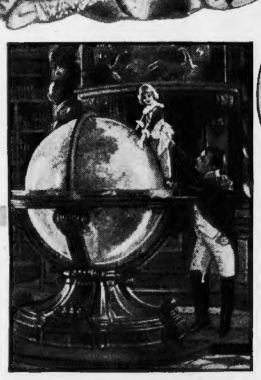
When they made him an Austrian duke, they omitted his father's name, although this was always given in patents of nobility, and mentioned only his mother's name. This seemed to imply that he had one parent only.

At a certain stage of boyhood he seems to have forgotten a good deal about Napoleon and France, but as he grew older and became studious he naturally felt more interested in them. He was continually asking his Austrian tutors about Napoleon and was told that he was an unfortunate general, who had been sent to prison. He read everything he could find about Napoleon and one day shocked his tutors by saying:

"If Josephine had been my mother, my father would never have seen St. Helena."

He was a handsome boy, though

Charming Picture of the Empress Marie-Louise With Her Baby, the King of Rome, Later Duke of Reichstadt.



Napoleon Showing His Only Son, the Little King of Rome, the Globe of the World, on Which He Expected the Boy to Play an Important Part.

The Young Duke of Reichstadt, Dead at the Age of Twenty-One, July 21, 1832, a Victim of Unscrupulous Love-Making and Political Intrigues.

delicate. He was made a captain in the Austrian army, and as he often rode out in uniform in Vienna became a favorite with the people. As he approached maghood he began to pay attention to girls, which was not surprising considering the attractions of Vienna and the standards of Austrian princes.

It is alleged, however, with much circumstantial evidence that the Austrian Emperor and his officials deliberately threw women of easy virtue in his path with the object of wrecking his health and shortening his life. A French book states that he was lured from the path of innocence by a foul plot hatched by the Austrian Emperor, Prince Metternich and Count Dietrichstein. His initial seduction occurred in the Robinson Crusoe cave in the gardens of the Palace of Schoenbrunn. The spot is pointed out to this day.

His only friend in the Austrian imperial family was the Archduchess Sophie, a Bavarian princess by birth and wife of his mother's nephew. It seems probable that the Archduchess, a kindly young woman, was only sorry for a boy younger than herself in a most unhappy position and tried to console him. But most writers have concluded that there was a liaison between them. The French writer, Octave Aubry, a standard authority on this subject, writes:

"She hoped, with all her heart, for a reversal in Reichstadt's fortunes and looked forward to his elevation to the throne of the Empire. She spoke of such things boldly before the Imperial family and at court. No one dared rebuke her, not even Metternich, who knew the full extent of her prestige and feared it.

"Her liaison with Reichstadt seems to have escaped suspicion, especially on the part of her husband. The Empress and some of the women at court had doubts, which they never tried to verify. Vienna often saw them riding or driving in the Prater; but in Summertime it was more particularly at Schoenbrunn that they met at their ease and leisure. Reichstadt's apartment was directly above Sophie's. He could reach her rooms by a little staircase unknown to any chamberlain. Mornings they would go down together to the private gardens stretching along the left wing of the chateau —a long enclosure bordered with trellises and brightened by pergolas and spurting fountains.

"Sophie often came with her little son, Franz Josef, carrying him in her own arms. The boy was only a few months old and no one ever dreamed that he would one day ascend the throne. Reichstadt would trot him on his knees, and amuse him with his watches, his chains and the coins in his pocket.

"He loved children and took an interest in them, and they—numerous as they were in the Imperial family—would go up to their cousin as soon as he appeared and pull him by the coat-tails to get him to join them in play. As they grew older, they stood in awe of him. They thought him very handsome and very wonderful, and would secretly touch his cane or his gloves. There were little Archduchesses who paled at his approach and had his picture hidden in their prayer-books."

The baby born to the Archduchess Sophie during her intimacy with the Duke of Reichstadt eventually became Emperor Franz Josef, who ruled Austria at the beginning of the World War. Many people believe that he was the son of the Duke of Reichstadt.

At the same time the Duke was attentive to many of the attractive women of the Vienna stage and opera. Among them was the dancer, Fanny Elssler. There is a story that after the Duke's death an Englishman sought a rendezvous, paid the stipulated price and then said good-bye to her, with the words:

"Thanks. I have now seen the grave of the Duke of Reichstadt."

During this period when the poor little Duke was going to ruin, his mother was far away from him, amusing herself with her sweetheart, Count Neipperg, whom she eventually married.

Byron, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, wrote a poem expressing indignation when Marie Louise married her sweetheart, Count Neippergi:

Lo, on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes, the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half shattered scepter through,

Strange Sculpture at the Entrance to the Capuchin Chapel, in Vienna, Where the Imperial Hapsburg Family Have Been Buried for the Last Two Hundred Years.

Is offered and accepted. Could a slave
Do more, or less?—and he in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek betray no inward strife,
And the ex-Empress grows as ex a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings when their own are jests?

While the Austrian politicians strove to make the Duke forget the memory and achievements of his father, the Bonapartists in France were constantly intriguing to restore him to the throne. After the fall of the old Bourbon family in 1830 there was a strong prospect of a Napoleonic restoration. A demand for the return of the Duke was made, but absolutely rejected by the Austrian Emperor.

A daring and ambitious plot to abduct the Duke and carry him away to France was then conceived by the Countess Napoleone Camerata, niece of the great Napoleon and daughter of his eldest sister, the Princess Elisa Bacciochi. The young Countess, of all his relations, most resembled the Emperor in features and character. She was a mistress of manly accomplishments, such as horseback riding and the use of firearms.

She took a residence in Vienna and kept up secret communication with the Duke. She constantly reminded him of the wishes of his father and how he had died with his eyes on his son's picture. But the Duke resisted her plan to return to France by stealth. If she had had the opportunity, his strong-minded cousin would have carried him away by force, but prudence led him to stay under the protection of his Austrian attendants.

The Countess's efforts considerably aggravated the physical weaknesses which he was developing. His final reply to her was:

"I cannot return to France as an adventurer. Let the nation elect me and I will find means to go there."

He had many qualities which would have made him a fine Emperor. His good looks and popularity were in his favor, and he loved soldiering.

He knew that he had been born to rule the greatest Empire in Europe. He had dim recollections of the great Emperor playing with him and showing him on a globe where he had won his battles.

While the Duke was leading a life of gayety and excitement, his health was rapidly failing. He struggled pitifully to perform his military duties and meet his social obligations, but often fainted away. In 1832, when a few months over 21, he died after dull days of utter collapse.

There were many stories, widely believed, that the Duke of Reichstadt had been poisoned. It is on record that the King of Bavaria said to the Austrian Ambassador:

"Tell me, do you believe that the Duke of Reichstadt died a natural death?"

An English writer spoke of a poison philter, the same as that used by the Borgias, so subtle that medical men could not trace its use.

There is little doubt, however, that the poor little Duke died of tuberculosis, little understood at that time and aggravated by his habits and surroundings.

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Why Mrs. Blacklidge Ate Her Christmas Dinner in Jail

Indignant But Indgent Mrs. Nottingham Couldn't Pay Her Rival's Prison Bill to Keep Her Behind the Bars on the Holiday, But Sympathetic Wives and Mothers Sent Her the Money to Do It

Mrs. Myrtle Blacklidge Looking Through the Bars of Her Cell, Where Mrs. Nottingham Sent Her for Stealing Her Husband's Love.

Mrs. Nottingham and Her Daughter Jeannette, Who Received, She Says, No Christmas Presents From Her Stolen Husband, Although Her Jailed Rival Did.

Mr. Norman Nottingham, the Husband.

About the Most Unwelcome, but Perhaps Happiest, Santa Claus on Christmas Day Was Mrs. Nottingham, Who Had Paid That $3.50 Which Kept Mrs. Blacklidge, Her Rival, in Jail for the Holiday.

Mrs. Blacklidge Dining as She *Had Hoped to* Do on Christmas Day—Outside the *Prison* Bars.

SOME buy Christmas dinners for orphan children, some for the crippled and the aged, but Mrs. Susanne Nottingham could barely find money enough to pay for just one, so she chose to play Santa Claus, in this way, for Mrs. Myrtle Tanner Blacklidge, the woman who stole the love of her husband, a Chicago policeman.

This bit of charity made the wronged wife very happy, because it assured her that the love-thief would eat it behind the bars of Cook County Jail, rubbing elbows with a shifty-eyed assortment of thirty thieves and other kinds of female crooks, celebrating a not-very-Merry Christmas and a not-very-Happy New Year. Also she wished her many not-very-happy returns of both days.

Mrs. Nottingham and her nine-year-old daughter, Jeannette Nottingham, could only afford a modest dinner that day for themselves, but it was in their own little flat. They had turkey and a second helping, while the woman who had broken up their home had just one helping of chicken. Also mother and daughter ate from a spotless linen cloth, saved from better days, together with nice dishes, cups and glasses.

The "other woman" ate in the big jail room, known as the bull pen, from one thick plate and one tin cup. The "festive board" was a long, rough, unpainted table covered with white crepe paper on which were stamped Christmas bells and pictures of Santa Claus, repeated alternately. Also she had to keep her eyes on her plate and attend strictly to the business of eating, otherwise one of the light-fingered ladies on either side might get away with her drum stick and substitute the bone of an already eaten one in its place.

In the jail there is no carving at the table nor asking guests whether they like white or dark meat. Mrs. Margaret Kennedy, matron for twenty-four years, has the carving done in the kitchen. The thirty plates, each loaded as far as possible equally, were placed one in front of each woman. There were no "seconds," though anyone could help herself liberally from the general supply of bread and butter.

Each received the following *hand-out:* fricassee of chicken, *creamed* gravy, mashed potatoes, peas, cranberry sauce, apple pie, cocoa—and candy, apples and nuts—a *fair* division in front of each plate. *There was so* much good "stuff" Matron Kennedy says, that the prisoners *didn't* bother much about bread and butter. Each of the county's *guests* had cocoa, whether she liked it *or not.* However, that drink is considered in jail a "holiday special." The county, except in Myrtle's case, when Susanne paid, provided cigarettes for all women who smoked. But Myrtle's Christmas dinner was perfectly *satisfactory* (to Susanne).

Mrs. Nottingham *was obliged* to play Santa Claus in *this unique* manner to prevent Myrtle *from* getting out and eating turkey *with Susanne's* alienated husband, *Norman Nottingham,* which would have *spoiled* Susanne's Christmas. It *was all due* to a curious technicality *of a law* which has since been repealed *in Illinois.*

Mrs. Blacklidge's fellow guests ate at *the taxpayers'* expense because they *were accused* of stealing money, jewels *or other* things of tangible value. Mrs. Blacklidge had "stolen" the love of *Officer* Nottingham, taking him away *from* his wife and child. For this a *jury* ordered Myrtle to pay the wronged *wife* $7,500 damages, but it was not larceny.

"Tee-hee! Try and get it," laughed Myrtle. "I haven't a cent and I'll go into bankruptcy."

Susanne really didn't expect to get that money, but her lawyer, Murphy O. Tate, had succeeded in convincing the jury that when Myrtle alienated Mr. Nottingham's affections she did it with malice in her heart against his wife. The curious Illinois law, which has since been changed, provided that when in such cases the plaintiff charged malice and the jury decided there had been malice, then the said plaintiff had the option of sending the convicted defendant to jail for not more than six months.

The catch in this, however, was that the plaintiff, if he or she took up the option, had to pay the defendant's board at jail—$3.50 per week, in advance each week. If at any time this was not done, then the imprisoned one might leave the jail. But the aggrieved party, whenever he or she could raise another $3.50 and the costs of swearing out and serving a new writ on the defendant, could put said defendant back in jail for another week, or, indeed, for as many weeks, until the six months had been served, as they had money enough to pay the jail bill.

This jail term had nothing to do with any verdict for damages for loss of affections which the jury might give. It was to enable the wronged wife or husband to punish the offender and satisfy any desire for greater revenge than financial damages. If they felt this worth $3.50 a week, then they could keep the offender in jail up to six months, but no more. The imprisonment did not discharge the defendant from the damages won by the plaintiff.

Susanne took up her option against Myrtle, but her ingenious lawyer, Herbert M. Wetzel, got her out and managed to keep her out on one technicality after another for nearly a year. But some time before Christmas the last of these was exhausted and the alienatress had no other choice than to take her medicine.

She gave herself up at the big county boarding house for culprits of all sorts and sexes, but she was different from all the others because she was a paid guest and she wasn't charged with any crime.

Mrs. Nottingham paid the first few weeks board with a smile and the warm feeling around the heart of money well spent and a good deed well done. But it was hard because all she and Jeannette had to live on was $70 a month separate maintenance alimony which the court ordered the husband to pay for allowing his affections to be alienated.

Policeman Nottingham, much annoyed that it was his money by which the wife he no longer likes was able to keep the other woman whom he still likes, in jail, cut down his alimony check to $60 and then even less.

Eventually the courts will force him to make the difference up to her but in the meantime it caused a financial crisis. Mrs. Nottingham simply could not scrape together the necessary $3.50 and Mrs. Blacklidge was almost ready to put on her hat and say goodbye to her jail-bird friends.

But just before the fatal day arrived, the papers printed the situation and there was another exhibition of unusual charity. Mrs. Nottingham found that many wives of Chicago had been following her course with sympathetic approval. Now they showed it by mailing her contributions, to be used not for her own bread and butter but "to keep that love-thief behind the bars to the last day."

None of them were from rich women. If someone steals a millionaire husband, the wronged wife seems unable to get as indignant as she might if he did not have to ransom himself from her by paying a fortune in alimony. Wives of the poorer classes look upon it as a crime to deprive a wife of a substantial husband with a sure life income, like that of a policeman. They were surprised and pleased that for once a woman who had deliberately broken up a home was receiving at least some punishment for it.

They were small contributions, some as little as twenty-five cents, but they were enough. Thus it was entirely due to the unsolicited charity of women strangers to both parties, that Susanne was able, with a beaming Santa Claus smile to prance up to the cashier's cage of the jail, on Monday, December 23, and pay down $7, two weeks in advance, so that whatever happened Myrtle would have no doubts where she was going to spend the holidays.

The fascinating Mr. Nottingham himself appeared at that same cage to hand in a Christmas present of five dollars for his girl-friend. He cautioned the cashier not to apply it to Mrs. Blacklidge's board bill and looked pained when informed that this had been paid well in advance.

Under the circumstances, Mrs. Nottingham hardly expected a Christmas present from her husband, but she did think he might remember his daughter, who, she says, she has told him, badly needs a pair of shoes. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day passed without even a Christmas card from the absentee papa.

"Don't you suppose Daddy thought of us even once, all day?" Jeannette asked.

"I don't know," replied the mother, "but I know one person who has had me in her thoughts and that is the woman who took him away from us.

"And New Year's Eve, when she hears all the whistles and knows everyone in Chicago is wishing everyone else a Happy New Year, maybe she will think of what she has done to both of us and resolve never to break up another home. I hope that other selfish and irresponsible women will make the same resolution. Anyway, she is going to stay right where she is in the big house, with nothing to do but think of her sins until next March."

Anyone who gets into jail always gets sympathy from a certain type of people, no matter what they may have done, and Mrs. Blacklidge is no exception. Some have asked Mrs. Nottingham if paying to keep a woman in jail isn't carrying spite too far. Susanne replies:

"It is not spite. It is merely justice and doing my duty to my class, the class of honest women. My husband used to be always complaining that it is the public's own fault there are so many crooks. 'When the police catch a thief,' he used to tell me, 'as likely as not the man who has been robbed goes soft and goofy and refuses to prosecute, saying he wants the poor fellow to have another chance. The thief then gives us the horse laugh and keeps right on with his stealing.'

"If a woman steals money, like those ladies Mrs. Blacklidge ate Christmas dinner with, nobody calls it spite. I merely wasn't soft and goofy about prosecuting."

Early in March Mrs. Blacklidge's six months will be up, if Mrs. Nottingham keeps on paying the board bill, out she goes and, no matter what happens, never can she be made to serve another day for this offense. She will still owe Mrs. Nottingham that $7,500, but if she is discharged from bankruptcy, as will probably happen, this and every other debt she owes will be wiped out. Also, Susanne can add to the $7,500 all the costs of keeping Myrtle in jail, including the twenty-six $3.50 per week instalments.

If, for any reason, her bankruptcy petition is not granted, then Susanne will theoretically have the power to attach part of any salary or any property she may get, until the judgment has been satisfied. In actual practice the legal difficulties in the way of collecting from a poor debtor are so great that it is like extracting blood from the proverbial stone.

Even if Mrs. Nottingham should become reconciled to her husband and Mrs. Blacklidge should alienate his affections all over again and do it with malice again, Susanne could not send her rival to jail, because that law has been junked along with the outlawing of all heartbalm suits in the State of Illinois.

Mrs. Blacklidge says she did not wrong Mrs. Nottingham because the wife, by her own actions, had already alienated the policeman's affections before Myrtle appeared on the scene.

Niece of former Governor John R. Tanner of Illinois, Myrtle grew up among statesmen and politicians. She was president of the Illinois Women's Republican League when President Coolidge appointed her collector of internal revenue, which, at the time, was a great plum for a woman. Then fortune changed.

Her once-wealthy husband and her twenty-year-old son both died of pneumonia, leaving her with little besides her collector's salary of $7,500 a year.

The next blow came with a card-game scandal. Myrtle, to forget her troubles as well as to get rich quick, sat in a steep card game at Springfield, Ill., on Sunday morning and found herself $207,000 ahead. The cashier declined to pay, however, until she could prove her check for $50,000, with which she'd bought chips, was good. Running to her friend, Edward R. Litsinger, prominent Chicago politician, she borrowed $50,000 in real money. When she returned somebody snatched the roll and vanished. Litsinger doubted the yarn, said he'd been swindled, and caused an investigation, which resulted, among other things, in Mrs. Blacklidge losing her job.

Everyone turned against her, but in her hour of need came Policeman Nottingham, once her grocer boy, and who, a few years before, she'd helped get a place on the Chicago police force.

"You got me my job and I'm not forgetting it," he said.

Then along came, in quick succession the alienation-of-affections suit, the $7,500 "love-judgment" and the six months' jail sentence.

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THOUSANDS REPORT AMAZING

Used Car Values

from DEPENDABLE DODGE DEALERS

POPULARITY, so sensational that it has made the new, Money-Saving Dodge the fastest-selling big car in America, has stocked Dodge dealers everywhere with the most extraordinary used car and used truck values ever offered.

Included in these trade-ins are not only many fine Dodge and Plymouth cars—but also various other makes of cars and trucks . . . in an amazingly wide selection of body types and colors. Prices to fit every pocketbook. Liberal terms that give the buyer plenty of time to pay.

In all parts of the country thousands of thrifty motorists are turning to these Dodge dealers to buy their used cars and used trucks—not only because of the amazing "buys" they are offering, but also because the reputation of Dodge dealers for handling dependable merchandise is their assurance of honest used car and used truck value!

And here's how Dodge dealers the nation over have achieved this unique reputation for dependability . . .

For 22 years the words "Dodge" and "Dependability" have been synonymous. It was only natural therefore that, over the years, Dodge should attract progressive business men who know their greatest asset is the public goodwill that comes from delivering honest merchandise, honestly priced, whether it be a new car or truck, a used car or truck, parts or service.

When you are in the market for a used car or used truck see your Dodge dealer first. Because of his fine selection of values in all price ranges, you'll find the car you want, at the price you want to pay.

And remember . . . The reputation of your Dodge dealer is your safest guide to a dependable used car or used truck value!

Read what these owners say about DEPENDABLE used cars they bought from DODGE DEALERS . . .

—AND REMEMBER, THERE'S A DEPENDABLE DODGE DEALER IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

"I don't pretend to know much about an automobile," says Miss J. H. Tompkins, Chicago, "and that is why I hesitated buying a used car. However, a friend of mine took me for a ride in the used car she purchased from one of the Dodge agencies, M. J. Lanahan, Inc. When she told me she had driven this car without a bit of trouble, I asked her to take me to the Dodge place. I have driven my used car 10,000 miles and I haven't had it in for service once."

"I buy a used car every two years. I have bought the last three all at the same place—S. L. Savidge, Inc., Dodge dealer here. I have always been able to find the car I want at the price I wanted to pay. My present car has 10,884 miles on it and I have spent practically nothing for service."—*F. C. Van de Walker, Seattle, Wash.*

"A friend told me about the service he had from the used car he got from a Dodge dealer here, Crosby Motors Inc.," says Fred Crow, Jr., St. Louis. "So I decided to look there first. And I didn't look any further, for they had one which they told me was a real buy. It was a real buy!"

"I bought my used car because, when I saw it at Pelton Motor Company, Dodge dealers, it looked almost like new! The thing that pleases me most is the service it has given me. I have driven it 4,000 miles and it hasn't given me a bit of trouble."—*Alma May Cook, Los Angeles.*

"When a neighbor came home with a recent model car and told me it was a used car, I could hardly believe him. I asked him where he got his car, and he told me at the Dodge dealer, Bishop, McCormick & Bishop. I went down there and found just what I wanted. I have had nothing but satisfaction from it."—*Louis Cline, New York.*

"I bought my used car from Hamphill Motor Company, one of the Dodge dealers here. I have put 8,000 miles on it. The car is running just as good as the day I bought it. When I'm ready to trade this in, I'm going right back where I got this one."—*Bertha C. Duncan, Kansas City, Mo.*

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The Co-ed Murder That Turned Out to Be the "Perfect Crime"

Margaret Wilm, Colorado College Beauty, Goes Visiting, Vanishes Into the Night, Is Found Dead, But Without a Clue to Where, Why or By Whom She Was Killed

The Bridge Over the Shallow Creek at Colorado Springs, Near Which the Body of Miss Wilm Was Found

WHO killed Margaret Wilm?

That was the question detectives asked last September when the body of the Colorado College co-ed and campus beauty, her skull split open, was found in a shallow stream that runs through Colorado Springs, at the base of Pike's Peak.

That is the question they still are asking, months later. The apparently purposeless, certainly haphazard and unplanned murder of the young girl has turned out to be "the perfect crime."

It took two years for the finest detectives in the country to pin the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh child on Bruno Richard Hauptmann. But they had clues to work on. The Colorado Springs authorities haven't a single clue.

Eva Coo, the wanton slayer of her half-witted handyman — the woman newspapers described as "the blonde tiger," crushed the life out of her victim beneath the wheels of an automobile. She spent weeks planning the murder. The very intricacy of the plans tripped her up, and led her to the electric chair. Whoever killed Margaret Wilm made no plans. It was a savage murder that flared up in the night and left only a broken body to be found in the dawn. There were no plans, and no clues; just a dead girl.

Within a few hours after Chester Whitmore, a 12-year-old Colorado Springs boy found the body of the pretty co-ed in Cheyenne Creek, the police had arrested two men for questioning, and had questioned a woman. A few hours after that they were certain the case had been solved when they found that the answers to those questions didn't jibe. One of the three was obviously lying. But not long after that they released all three, the two men and the woman. They admit they have nothing to go on.

When young Chester Whitmore discovered Margaret Wilm's body at the bottom of the twelve-foot-deep, concrete-lined stream bed, he called a passing truck driver. The truck driver called the police and told them some girl had been accidentally killed in a fall into the stream.

But a coroner's report declared that the girl's death was caused by a skull fracture, that had caused her to bleed to death. Only a trickle of water ran through the stream—not enough to cover the dead girl's face. Yet there was no sign of blood around the body. There wasn't even any blood on her clothing.

There was a rock nearby which her head might have struck, splitting the skull. But there was no sign of blood, hair, or flesh, on the rock. The coroner pointed out that a person who fell into the stream accidentally would be unlikely to light squarely on his head.

There were bruises on the dead girl's shoulder, and bruises on her thighs. Someone suggested that the bruises on the thighs looked as though they might have resulted from a bump against a bar. Perhaps Miss Wilm had bumped up against the low guard rail on the little bridge that crosses the concrete-lined chasm. But the body was found twelve feet away from the bridge, and measurements of the height of the railing proved that the bruises were too high up on the dead girl's legs to have been caused by falling against the rail.

Someone else suggested the pretty co-ed, who had everything to live for, might have committed suicide. But people committing suicide don't trust to a twelve-foot jump into a sandy stream bed to end their lives, nor black one of their eyes before doing it. Miss Wilm had such a black eye.

The first problem police had on their hands when they reached Cheyenne Creek that September Sunday morning was to identify the dead girl. Chester Whitmore had never seen her before. The truck driver didn't know her. None of the detectives recognized her. A curious crowd, attracted by the police cars, gathered, but none of them knew her.

Finally Kenneth Garrett, a Colorado College student, son of an official of the Colorado Springs Telephone Company edged his way through the crowd and peered down at the broken body below, as police photographers snapped pictures of the dead girl.

"That is Margaret Wilm, daughter of Mrs. Grace Wilm," he told the police. Mrs. Wilm is one of the most prominent women in the the little Rocky Mountain resort city. "I knew her," he added. Police learned that he knew her so well that college mates considered them engaged, although Garrett said there had been no formal announcement of their romance.

A glint of metal, flashing in the morning sun, attracted a detective. It was a ring, with a fraternity crest, lying a few feet from the dead girl, in the sandy creek bottom.

"That is my ring," Garrett announced. "I gave it to her." The detectives stared, startled, at the youth. "It was too large for her. See, she had wrapped it with string. It must have slipped from her finger."

A detective asked Garrett when he had last seen the girl.

"Last night," was the reply. "We had a sort of party at my sister's house, over there." The young student turned and pointed at a house less than 100 feet away from where the body of the girl was found.

The detectives no longer looked startled. They hustled Garrett into a police car and started for headquarters. Other detectives got Mrs. George Sleppy, the youth's sister, and her husband, and took them to the police station for questioning.

They told a strange story of the events of that murder night.

Miss Wilm, it seemed, had been angry with Garrett a few days before, and had threatened to return his fraternity ring—the same ring that was found with her body. Later a girl-friend of the campus beauty told police Garrett had threatened to "beat your head in" unless Miss Wilm kept the ring.

But on the night she was killed Margaret had "made up" with Garrett. He called for her, and they went to his sister's house. With Mr. and Mrs. Sleppy, the young couple went to a tavern. The men had a few glasses of beer. Margaret ordered one glass, but didn't drink all of it.

"We went home, and I was sleepy and a little sick," Garrett told the detectives. So he, and his brother-in-law, who also felt sleepy, decided to drive around in the cool night air and revive themselves. Miss Wilm, who again was angry with Garrett, and Mrs. Sleppy went into the house. After ten minutes of driving, the two men returned, but instead of entering the house fell asleep in the car.

A few minutes later Mrs. Sleppy went out and aroused her husband, scolded him for his behavior and took him in the house. She said she tried to awaken her brother, but couldn't.

Miss Wilm waited a few minutes more, and then, thoroughly angry, went out of the house, leaving her coat and purse with the avowed intention of shaking young Garrett awake and returning his fraternity ring.

Forty-five minutes later Garrett walked into the house and asked where she was. His sister said she had gone out to the car and she had supposed was with him.

During those forty-five minutes Margaret Wilm was murdered.

Then the police announced they were holding Garrett. His story hadn't jibed with the story told by his sister. He said he had had only a few glasses of beer. His sister said he had also had some gin.

When police accused him of lying, Garrett admitted it. He had had some gin, he said, but only a drink or so. He had lied because he "hated cops." He hated cops because he had been treated roughly some years before after an automobile accident, in which he was involved, took the life of a child.

After he had amended his story, he was questioned again. What had he done when he found Miss Wilm missing?

Garrett said, and his sister confirmed him, that he and Mrs. Sleppy had taken a car and driven around the neighborhood for Miss Wilm. Her coat and purse, they were still at the Sleppy home. She could have caught a bus or a ride home just a few feet from where her body was found. They finally decided that she must have done this despite the fact she had no money, and they drove past her home. A porch light, usually left burning until her return was out. They assumed, Garrett said, that she was at home, so they went home.

At five o'clock the following morning Garrett was aroused by a phone call from Mrs. Wilm asking where her daughter was.

Garrett said he again started out in the car, hunting the girl. He found her when he edged through the crowd at Cheyenne Creek and stared down at the body below him.

Further confusion was added to the case when two residents of the neighborhood said they had heard an automobile come to a quick stop, near the bridge, about the time the girl must have been killed. Then they heard the car roar away again, at high speed and later they heard what sounded like a gurgling moan. No one investigated the moan at the time.

That led to another theory. Possibly Miss Wilm, penniless, had stopped a passing motorist for a ride, had been attacked and slain. But the coroner's report said there was no evidence of a criminal attack, and besides, no matter who killed the girl, she died to death, and that blood had to be somewhere. It was suggested that some motorist might have struck the girl, by accident, and, realizing she was dying, had tossed her body into the creek, and fled. But still, police asked, where was the blood?

They asked that question of reporters, who had suggested the hit-and-run theory, and the reporters mentioned it in their newspaper accounts.

The next day authorities found blood. Not much blood, but a fair amount, on the concrete combing of the creek bed. The day before a dozen detectives headed by Chief of Police Hugh Harper and Inspector I. D. Bruce, two of the country's best-known criminologists had gone over that entire section with magnifying glasses, seeking traces of blood.

There was only one answer. The newly found bloodstains had been planted to confuse police, or to supply them with the evidence that was puzzling them. It was human blood, too examination proved. But police pointed out that anyone desperate enough could sever a small vein in his own body and secure an amount of blood satisfyingly large enough to be certain that the blood-spot would attract attention.

Garrett, his sister, and his brother-in-law were questioned again, and again. Once the point about the amount of drinking Garrett had done was cleared up, he stuck to his story. After a few days, during which police could find no evidence to prove that he had seen the girl after she left the car with Mrs. Sleppy, he was released. The Sleppys had been released after earlier questioning.

That Miss Wilm was murdered, authorities are convinced. They are certain that, had she fallen to her death accidentally, there would have been traces of blood. They are certain that there was not sufficient water in the tiny stream, less than ankle deep, to have completely washed away all the blood that poured from the split in her skull.

Their only theory is that she was killed somewhere else. It is unlikely that she could have gotten very far from the Sleppy house before she was killed. It is likely too that the slayer tossed her body the first place he came to, which was Cheyenne Creek, another indication that the slaying occurred in the immediate neighborhood. But that is about the only theory the police have.

There were reports that an unidentified girl had been seen to leap from an automobile on the night of the crime, at a point in the city, far removed from the creek. But that could not be confirmed.

It was a haphazard murder, unplanned, unpremeditated, and with little or no motive. And apparently it is going to prove to be "the perfect crime"—refuting the old saying that "murder will out."

Miss Margaret Wilm, the Murdered College Beauty.

Upon the Edge of the Stream Lay the Missing Girl, Her Face Clear of the Hardly Ankle-Deep Water—But She Had Neither Leaped Nor Fallen and How That Body Got There Is Still an Unsolved Mystery.

Kenneth Garrett, the Student Friend of Miss Wilm, With Whom She Spent a Part of Her Last Night Alive.

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Janet Gets Pinched

by Julian Fitzgerald

And John Murdock Gets an Unexpected and Highly Personal Insight Into the Family Tree of a Well Known Banker. A Short Story, Complete in This Issue.

"Here's a flash that's just come in! Financier's daughter bailed out by posse of play boys. Dawn love chase! Might be a good story in it."

MISS JANET BRUCE was driving home from a party The fact is worth recording if only for its rarity From ninety-nine parties out of a hundred Miss Bruce, an elfin blonde, was driven home

But Janet had a streak of independence and a roadster, and occasionally they both ran away with her

So it had been tonight. Janet drove like the wind, and like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, had blown into a party, at which most of the guests were already mating heavily. Whose party it had been Janet had not the faintest idea, but all her friends had been there, so that was all right. Champagne—chatter—caresses (some good, some middling, some expert)—and a band. What a band! It had been a rhythmic riot, an Urge in evening dress.

It was really the band that was responsible for Janet's collision. She was still tapping her feet to "Love's Last Kiss" as she turned her roadster into Forty-eighth Street, and accelerator-pedals (alas!) are by no means unsusceptible to syncopation. The big car lurched round the corner in an entirely disreputable manner, and charged the rearmost taxicab of a thickly populated rank

Following the first impact a series of sharp cracks revealed the fact that Janet had done to those cabs what a shunting engine does to a row of freight cars.

Language of a distinctly prejudiced nature now began issuing from the cabs, whose drivers had thus rudely been recalled from a slightly beery oblivion. The chorus swelled to a crescendo as the drivers crawled out and surveyed as neat a piece of telescoping as even a French engine-driver could wish for

Out of a possible total of fifteen radiators Janet had permanently waved thirteen, a highly creditable performance. Sundries included nine fenders, twenty-five lights and three meters

Then, of course, the Law arrived Over the ruined hood of her roadster, the Law peered at Janet and said 'Ho" The taxi-drivers gathered round and said many things with that artistry only possessed by taxi-drivers. The Law again said "Ho."

Then Janet felt it was her turn to say something. "I'm too terribly sorry," said Janet

Her voice seemed to break a spell The Law took the situation in one hand and a notebook in the other Name—address—where—when—how what direction—how fast—? Janet answered breathlessly

Then:

"May I see your license, miss?"

"Birth, marriage or dog?" asked Janet in a still small voice

That was her first mistake The Law bristled

"One more crack and you come with me"

"Amen," said the taxi-drivers

"Come on, now," said the Law. "I want your driving license."

"O, K" said Janet

She dived into a leather pocket inside the roadster's lean flank and produced an imposing collection of documents

To be exact, she produced a postcard from Biarritz, an income-tax form, several bills and a prospectus of the Gleneagles Hotel. But not even the assurance that he could have a Tudor suite for twenty dollars a day seemed to placate the Law. He'd asked for a driving license and he hadn't got it. The Law drew himself up

'Lady, you're punched"

"S right," said the taxi-drivers

"Oh, go to hell!" said Janet

That was her second mistake

"Oh yeah!" shouted the Law "Now you will come along with me"

And so, in the fulness of time, Janet Bruce reached jail

* * *

In jail Janet took stock of her situation. She had never before been locked in anything more uncomfortable than an embrace, so that the cell to which she was now consigned, under the care of a weather-beaten matron, struck her as inhospitable in the extreme.

Janet's mental processes were direct. She was in prison. There was no thrill to be derived from being in prison, like being in the movies or in love. So she must leave prison at her earliest convenience

She powdered her nose thoughtfully. How did one break jail? On the films one did it with a machine-gun or a check book. But debutantes seldom carry either, and Janet was of that faery company

Bail! Why on earth hadn't she thought of that before? It would be nice to be bailed out.

Then another idea flickered into Janet's consciousness—an idea which induced her to rub some of the powder off her nose again, and to look, as far as she might, a Plaything of Fate

Of the matron she inquired:

"Can I get into touch with some friends on the telephone?"

The matron scratched a nose which looked as if it was used to it.

"It's against police regulations for you to speak yourself You can give a message if you want to, and the sergeant may telephone it through for you. I'll fetch 'im."

The sergeant came, saw and was conquered.

"Oh, please, Lieutenant," said Janet, "would you 'phone to the people on this list, and give each of them the message I've written underneath?"

The sergeant looked at the leaf from the tiny notebook, and blinked Then he looked again. Finally he spluttered.

"But look here miss——"

"Please, Captain."

Janet's eyes were big, and they swept the sergeant off his feet, which were even bigger. But the eyes had it.

"Ori right," said the sergeant

* * *

At six-fifteen a. m. on that eventful morning, James Van Courtland's Hispano-Suiza squealed to a halt outside the police station. Hardly had James disappeared dungeonwards than young "Toothy" Garland and Freddie Ferris slithered simultaneously to the curb.

Ten minutes later two passers-by were afforded the opulent panorama of eleven cars, sleek and slender as arrows, clustered outside the constabular ramparts. And bankers can say He was exceedingly proud of his income, because he had made it himself and it was as fat as his only daughter was slender. And, most of all, he was proud of that daughter, that golden creature who might have stepped out of a painting, but who had, in point of fact, just stepped out of a Hispano-Suiza

"Take your time, Jimmy," that daughter was saying anxiously to a young man at the wheel—a young man with the eyes of a retriever walking in his sleep "Think it over. Make sure of your own mind. I know I said in the message——"

"I'm taking you at your word, darling," bleated the young man, jerking his shift-lever into second, "and I'll call on your father as soon as I've had a shave and a grapefruit." There was a roar, and the Hispano shot out of focus

"B-but——" said Janet, and then, shrugging elegant shoulders, let herself into the Bruce home

The latter was one of the largest houses on Park Avenue, where blood runs blue and water runs h. and c. To Janet, tiptoeing in conspiratorial silence from the front door across the hall towards the stairs, it seemed about the size of Madison Square Garden

Still, she had actually got within a year of the staircase when the morning-room door opened and Bruce *senior*, a copy of The Times crumpled under his arm, surged into the hall On his face was a look of concern and a certain amount of marmalade .

"Damn disgraceful!" the banker was muttering 'A national scandal! Fellow ought to be——"

He broke off as he noticed Janet. There was an ominous silence as the significance of her pale gleaming wrap and satin slippers sank in. At last he spluttered:

"What—where the devil have you been?"

Janet tossed an unrepentant curl

"I've been a-milking, sir," she said."

"You've certainly come home with it. It's absolutely disgraceful! A national scan—that is to say a scandal Have you any explanation?"

Janet had. But would Pops darling mind listening to it in the morning-room, as his little Janet craved an egg?

Pops darling listened in the morning-room. Janet, even when mixing her metaphors with egg, was no mean story teller. By the time she was sketching in the arrival of the relief column at the jail the banker had developed a severe cough—so severe, indeed, that he was obliged to keep his handkerchief permanently over his face. So Janet kissed him and he broke down completely

"Oh!" gasped Bruce, senior. "Ah!"

"But I haven't quite finished, pops."

"Eh—how do you mean?"

"Well, so as to make certain that somebody would bail me out—naturally I didn't want to make you darling—I had to make the bait attractive."

"Bait...?"

"Yes. All those dear idiots had proposed to me at one time or another. Some more than others. So I got the sergeant to telephone each of them to the effect that the man who ransomed me would win my hand and heart."

"Good God!" shouted Bruce. He paused for breath "And may I ask which Galahad got in first? Tell me the worst"

"Jimmy Van Courtland beat Freddie Ferris by a short head. He's coming round to see you at any moment"

"But, dammit, you don't mean to tell me you're going through with this—this—transaction? You're not in love with this nincompoop, are you?"

"Of course not, pops. He's got a nice face and a Hispano-Suiza, but I don't love him. That's where you come in

"What the devil d'you mean?"

"He's coming round to see you - about me. You've got to talk to him—about us"

"Us?"

"The Family Frighten him, pops. Frighten him so badly he'll go and marry a policewoman for protection Tell him that there's insanity in the family or that we've snored for generations—anything. Only treat him rough."

"I will," said the great financier, grimly

* * *

Murdoch, of the Star, was no coward, but his heart sank to his carefully polished boots as he rang the door-bell of the Bruce home. After an interval the door opened and Murdoch found himself in the presence of a distinctly vintage butler. To his surprise this butler regarded him with none of that acidity which the minion of The Star had learnt to expect from the attendants of the Great.

"Your name, sir?" The butler looked almost benevolent.

"Mbrmph," muttered Murdoch, who, under this cryptic nom-de-guerre, had frequently rushed in where better-paid colleagues had feared to tread.

"Ah, yes," replied the butler. "I fancy Mr. Bruce is expecting you. This way, sir."

Dangerously easy, so far, thought Murdoch. How could Old Bruce be expecting him?

"Get some water! Get a doctor! Get Simpson! Get a move on!"

The butler threw open a door and showed Murdoch into a mellow, panelled room, at the far end of which an elderly man sat at a desk, with his back to the light

Mr. Mbrmph," coughed the butler, and withdrew

John D. Bruce got up from his chair and extended a hand

'Come in, my boy—sit down. Have a cigar. Have a whisky and soda "

The startled Murdoch found himself in a deep chair, with a cigar projecting like a bowsprit from his pink face The whiskey and soda he refused He had meant to take the whiskey and refuse the cigar, but in his confusion at the unexpected ease of his interview had mixed his signals

"I hope you'll pardon me calling on you, sir," he managed to say at last. "But I wanted to see you on the subject of —er—that is, the subject of—"

My daughter? '

Murdoch began to feel a little dazed Was this a frame-up"

Well—ahem'—yes, sir. In—in connection with the—er—affair—I mean the little—er—incident at jail this morning, that is—"

"Of course, my boy, of course. I quite understand. From your point of view, I suppose it was—ha—quite an important little incident—eh, what."

And for the first time in his life Murdoch was dug in the ribs my a banker He mopped the perspuration from his face

'Very important," he admitted. So the old fish knew all about it anyway. But would he spill the dope?

'Naturally, naturally," continued Mr. Bruce, "and I quite realize that there are one or two questions which a young man in your position is entitled to ask. Have a whisky and soda "

'Thank you," said Murdoch. This was the easiest interview he had ever known

"For instance, you would, I take it, like to know something of our family."

"Thank you very much," said Murdoch

'Well it is a long and somewhat unsavory story" confessed the eminent financier with enthusiasm. "On her poor dear mother's side—I am a widower, you know—Janet is descended from a long line of hopeless dipsomaniacs in Philadelphia, whose origin is lost in the mists of iniquity. With the exception of my poor dear wife they all drank themselves to an early grave Have a whisky and soda."

'Thank you very much, indeed," said Murdoch, his eyes shining. He could see his first paragraph already. "My side of the family" went on the banker with relish, 'possesses an even blacker record My ancestors were on-on-growers, a fact on which even their best friends were loath to comment For six generations, moreover, we have suffered from hereditary insanity. My great-grandfather use to go about everywhere with a piece of pork, under the firm impression that he was a bean. My grandfather was a homicidal maniac. And my father spent his life collecting left-handed butterfly nets. I, myself, suffer from hallucinations and invariably take my soup with a bicycle-pump. You can, therefore easily realize that what Janet did this morning was nothing more than the impulse of an unbalanced temperament. Have a whisky and soda "

* * *

"Mr. Bruce," said Murdoch with tears of emotion in his eyes, and a whiskey and soda in his hand, "you have done me a great service—a service which I shall never forget. And now I hope you will not think it ungrateful of me if I hurry off?

'Not at all, my boy, not at all Circumstances, of course, alter— Why Janet—

Hullo, pops darling," said Janet, "I just looked in to ask you not to be too hard on my boy-friend when he arrives" Then she noticed Murdoch. She gave him a dazzling smile "Sorry Thought you were alone, pops. But aren't you going to introduce me?"

Intro—introduce you—?" he gibbered

"Yes, please." said Janet

"Bub-bub-bub-but isn't that your boy-friend?" Bruce Senior stabbed an accusing finger at Murdoch.

"Not yet," said Janet

"If you will excuse me, sir," said Murdoch, hurriedly, "I ll be getting back to the office. My editor—"

'Your WHAT?" shouted Bruce

"My editor, sir, I know he will feel, as I do, that you have been extraordinarily frank and generous in granting me this exclusive interview."

"Look here," howled the banker, "isn't your name Van Courtland?"

"No, sir. Murdoch is the name, of the Daily Star

The banker seemed about to burst. His mouth opened and shut like a cod's, but no words came

Then suddenly his atrophied senses seemed to revive. With a roar he dived at Murdoch, who side-stepped with that agility which newspaper work instills into its sons. Feeling, however, that the diving season had now opened,

(Continued on Page 16)

The Law Peered at Janet and Said "Ho!" The Taxi-Drivers Gathered Around and Said Many Things With That Artistry Only Possessed by Taxi Drivers. Janet Felt It Was Her Turn to Say Something.

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Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experienc

"YOU have no head; but a great heart," remarked the French judge to Lady Edmee Owen during her trial in Paris for shooting four bullets from her pistol into Madame Gastaud. Lady Owen had given herself soul and body to Dr. Gastaud, distinguished French physician, in whose sanitarium she had been taking treatment to reduce her weight. But when Lady Owen demanded that Dr. Gastaud divorce his wife and marry her, he refused and told her their romance must end.

Her Ladyship loaded her automatic, called at Dr. Gastaud's home, was prevented from entering by the doctor's assistant and the commotion brought Madame Gastaud to the door, who said:

"So you are Lady Owen! Well, I have something to say to you."

Lady Owen replied with the bullets which wounded but did not kill her victim. Edmee was sentenced to five years' imprisonment but with her wealth and influence secured a pardon after serving a little more than half the time. She was the attractive young widow of Sir Theodore Owen, a rich English rubber planter, much older than herself, who left her his fortune in addition to the $1,000,000 worth of jewelry he had bestowed on her.

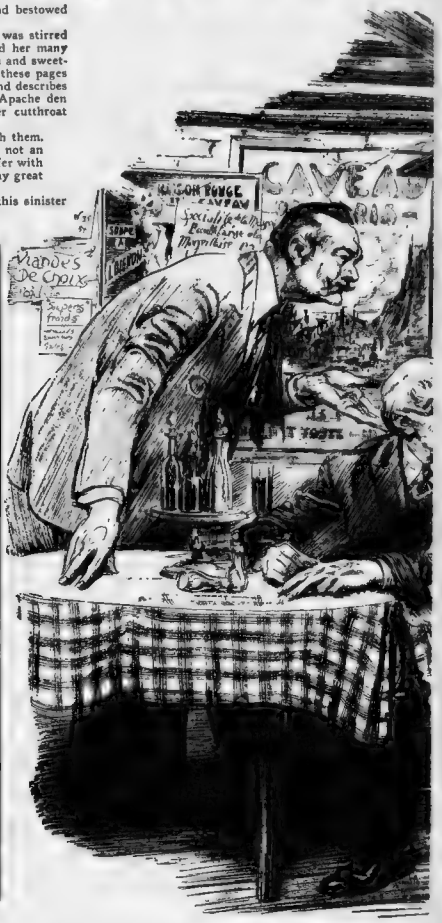
During those years in prison Lady Owen's "great heart" was stirred by the misery of her women companions behind the bars and her many kindnesses to them were appreciated by their friends, relatives and sweethearts of the criminal world of Paris. Lady Owen relates in these pages the strange circumstances of her welcome to the Underworld and describes her fantastic initiation into their secrets in an underground Apache den and also narrates many extraordinary experiences among her cutthroat acquaintances in their criminal resorts. She says:

"From that moment, wherever I went, I was safe with them. There is no den of the Underworld in Paris where I am not an equal. I am—if I wish it—one of them, inviolate. I am safer with them in Paris today in their strange haunts than I am in any great hotel of Europe."

Probably no other woman of wealth and title can boast this sinister honor.

Lady Edmee Owen in an Underworld Resort With Some of Her Underworld Friends. Lady Edmee Sits On the Right, a Cigarette Betwen Her Lips.

View in the Dark, Narrow and Dangerous Streets of the Older Part of Marseilles, the Resort of Criminals and Where the Brothels Are Located.



"While he was speaking, M. Everard folded up the note them in the case—already well filled I noticed—and replaced pocket. Blanche entered the room while he was doing it.

"'M. Jules Orlandie, Blanche,' he said, introducing her. be as good to him as you have been to me?'

"'I think, M. Everard,' squeaked the old man, 'that perha to tell her what I want her to do.'"

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

HAVING been provided with letters of introduction by my friends in the Paris Underworld I made a visit to Marseilles on the Mediterranean shore of France.

Marseilles is a city of contrasts. Marseilles smiles at you and takes you to her arms while at the same time she robs you and stabs you in the back. Wide open boulevards and massive buildings, narrow streets and squalid filth lie side by side in picturesque proximity. Women with dusky blue-black hair, flashing eyes, lips like ripe pomegranates, made for luxury and only to be bought for money, stroll along the vilest highways that were ever made by men; stroll with men who are indeed the vilest pickings of the world's high seas. There are idyllic walks, woods, vineyards, tree-covered hills and swelling green fields; and below is the town itself with its medley of roofs and shipping.

The jumble of roofs, with the reminder of the squalor beneath, sweeps down to the wide sea beyond; degradation and vice meet and mingle with the loveliest and most vivid of nature's beauties. On the docks lounge sailors of all nationalities, many of them the scum of all the world; on the stately ships that pull in to tie up at those docks are laden the most colorful cargoes; orange baskets piled with the rounded luscious fruits; bales of vivid silks and merchandise.

All the magic and lure of the East and the West are mingled there; and all the vice and filth of what men have made from being men. Marseilles bewitches with her beauty and appals with her vice.

Except perhaps in some of the Eastern countries, I don't think I have ever seen such ghastly conditions anywhere else in the world. Yet even in this cesspool of the world there are redeeming features.

Marseilles is essentially a city of seafarers. That those same seafarers have made of it a place of vice is fortuitous. One cannot look on its beauty, its natural allurements, and its living evidence of trade with all the world, without realizing that its vices are, so to speak, accidental. It is only an accident that it has been made the center of the vilest trade of the West and East. One cannot blame those who "go down to the sea in ships" for this earned, yet unearned reputation, of the lovely city. Rather one must condemn the whole system of civilization as we know it. Because here are plied openly trades that in other parts of the civilized world are only carried on in secret one must not blame the city herself. If the blue of the sea and the green of the hills and the magic of east going west goes to the head and makes man forget that he is only a little lower than the angels, let us blame man rather than nature.

Side by side with this world of lust and savagery lives the world of luxury and indolence. Alone in this city of contrasts and contradictions I could never have lived to write these articles. Even a man, if he is a stranger, will find little quarter here. But a woman alone might as well make her will and settle on the best site for her tombstone.

For many introductions I had to thank Rizzo, my friend of the Paris Underworld, and I know well that if it hadn't been for his forethought and care, I should never have been able to venture into Marseilles as I did—and never certainly been able to learn a thousandth part of the real being of that mysterious and wicked city.

There were escorts for me everywhere. Each had his special functions. Sometimes it was a retired detective of whom I have spoken. At other times it was a souteneur who still plied a thriving trade there. At others it was Mike O'Cuiv, quite the strangest creature in Marseilles, and even the queerest man, I think, I have ever met.

No one can be in Marseilles for even a short visit without realizing that it is before anything else famous for its women. They may be white slaves, and they may be courtesans. But if Marseilles is the port for half the world's ships, it is the center of all the world's trade in women. It is the storehouse of the world's white slave traffic, and within the city there goes on the most colossal and intricate "exchange and mart."

The women in Marseilles are free in nothing but, name. Here the souteneur flourishes and waxes fat. He has brought his trade to a fine art—if one may be permitted to travesty the word. He has refined its practicies and organized its establishment until there would seem nothing else to be learned in it. It is no longer on the scale, nor carried on under the conditions that prevailed in pre-war days.

The white slave traffic and the trade of the souteneur are not by any means the same, but they have a great deal in common. It will be easier, however, to deal with the latter and leave the white slave traffic with its enormous ramifications to a later chapter.

A souteneur is a man who has one, two, three, or possibly half a dozen women "working" for him. This contemptible creature lives on their earnings by sending them out into the streets, the clubs, the cafes, or even setting them up in an apartment of their own.

The strangest thing about the whole relation is, to my mind, that the women will consent to being one of a number "belonging" to any one man.

The souteneur treats his woman with a strange mixture of consideration and brutality. He holds her with silken cords, and finds them so much more effective than iron chains. Always he first acquires a woman by making love to her. Having made sure of her the rest is easy. After all, one must live, and in a city where so many practice the trade, it is better to work with an organization—as it were—behind one, than to play a lone hand, the unfortunates reason.

These wretched women, somehow, do not seem like other women. They are more primitive. Self-preservation and the desire for a "good time" are their most powerful instincts, and to them they will sacrifice anything and anybody, even themselves.

But their quickly fading attractiveness and dissipations soon end the few years of "good times" and illusive prosperity.

Picture them, most of them sunk to the lowest depths to which human beings can apparently come; living in their little rooms day in and day out; year in and year out: doing no work, wearing few or no clothes. It is, in one way, a life of complete ease. But on the other side of the picture, remember that they depend for their livelihood on the chance passer-by. Sometimes they are utterly poverty-stricken. If they are getting old, they must give way to the younger women. They often have not enough to eat, and certainly nothing else.

There may be three dresses in the length of a street, but I doubt it. They have no use for dresses. Their only walk abroad is to the market, and then they put on a peignoir and a pair of slippers. Their only contact with the world is with their customers. They never wear a hat. I should doubt that there is a hat in existence in the whole quarter. But their hair is always beautifully dressed. They do it for one another. It costs nothing that way.

The fact that they wear no clothes is nothing in itself. It is the atmosphere and the standard that it creates that matters. They can have no pride in their appearance except in so far as it affects their custom. That in itself is deplorable. It is tragic. When man or woman ceases to have a pride because of itself, but only a desire to appear presentable because of what may accrue, then begins the downward grade towards the bottom of everything.

I was once a witness of a fight between four of these wretched outcasts. I hope that never again shall I see my own sex—I should go further and say my own race and kind—sinking to such a degradation.

It was, I gathered, one of those disputes that admitted no argument. At least, they had tried to be just. That is a characteristic of them. If they think a woman in the wrong, according to their hunting code, they will not stir a finger to help her, however much they may call her friend. But somehow four were involved, not only two. All in the street just stood by, passive.

A fight of this kind is relieved by none of that silent, deadly earnest that colors the physical battles of men. There is none of that decent courage and contest of strength with strength that characterizes the hand-to-hand fight of the fighting male. They have neither the control nor the essential decency which usually prevails when men revert to the role of their ancestors.

These women fought like wild beasts; but, unlike wild beasts, they had none of the dignity of primeval nature to mitigate the beastliness. There was a screaming and a struggling that shouted aloud of the depths to which humans can reach without ever achieving the natural and unthinking ferocity of animals. They were human beings, but they acted like beasts. They were beasts, but they lacked that something which makes the beasts noble even in their untamedness.

Two women were blinded in that affray. Their eyes were gouged out by the thumbs of the others before the police, in a motor-van, arrived on the scene. When at last they managed to separate them and pulled the two off the top of that horrid interlocked mass of writhing human bodies, one woman still lay struggling with another, her teeth sunk deep into her opponent's throat.

I had made up my mind to learn at first hand the conditions and life of the Underworld in all countries and places. It was of no use to allow myself to be sickened at the first sight of reality. If one had stopped to think or to consider, then one must have taken the next train home. The only way was to accept things as they were, and to try, if one could, to understand the circumstances which made them possible.

Since there is a demand, the supply must be found, and the need has given birth to a whole organized sub-trade, as it were, in which men and women are always on the lookout, in streets, in schools even, in shops, houses, factories and all other places, for recruits for the souteneur. A pretty girl is always marked down young. Men will wait years for a young girl whose early promise may develop with young womanhood. They will go out and search the streets. A good-looking shopgirl, a young society girl in search of a thrill,

...es in the Underworld

Initiated by a Barbarous Blood Ceremonial Into Their Secrets in an Underground Apache Den in Paris, This Young Woman of Wealth and Title Is Welcomed as a Sister and Writes of Sights and Scenes Police Never See

...s and put
...d it in his

'Will you

...pe I ought

A Street in the Notorious Red Light District of the Old Section of Marseilles.

A Group of Souteneurs and Their Girls in a Marseilles Underworld Resort.

A Typical Apache, Capable of Any Crime.

a maid-servant to whom the promise of fine clothes and a life of ease in a city where luxurious ease and disintegrating comfort are the two most cherished attributes—all these fall ready victims to the souteneur. But it is always as the lover that he first appears. Once let him get the affection of his women, and the rest is comparatively easy.

Even when the souteneurs look for their sources of supply in other more commercialized channels, there is still the same initial approach. And of these other channels there are many.

It is among the very lowest class of souteneur that the trade of the "ponce" flourishes most. Allied to it is blackmail. I do not say that the double practice is absent from the higher strata. It is not.

Most classes of the Underworld, except perhaps the very highest, use the ponce. He is unrecognized in the dictionaries, but he is a very real menace. He is a spy and for a particular object. Generally he is a "bruiser." His sole object is blackmail. He flourishes in Paris, but it is in Marseilles that he attains his full development. I saw them in Marseilles, but strangely enough it was in Paris that I came into closest touch with them.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, a ponce is a man who lives on women and blackmail; or perhaps, more accurately who acts in collusion with women to blackmail their clients. You may see them any night in London in Lisle Street, Wardour Street, or Piccadilly, following their own women, and occasionally, when there is no likely client around, talking to them. But they never leave them for long and they are never very far away.

The man's method of work is simply to secure sufficient opportunity to blackmail the client. He will "shadow" the woman with her companion to her apartment. He may know of an appointment there. When sufficient time has elapsed for the situation to have developed to the required degree of intimacy, he duly appears.

The woman is his "wife," he asserts. He, of course, is the outraged husband.

If a "rough house" is imminent, he is quite capable of taking care of himself. But generally he is prepared, and his preparations often take the shape of two or three witnesses. Few men are willing to face the consequences of prosecuting or of informing the police. The victim generally pays up with the best grace he can muster. But that is only the beginning. He is a lucky man who can get away with a single payment. The blackmailers will follow him home if they cannot learn his identity in any other way. Often, indeed, they will mark down some man or other of known wealth, and set the woman to decoy him. Once he is there they bleed him to the utmost.

The better class the client, the greater the lengths to which they will go. Many a man might have escaped with but a single "solace" to their outraged feelings but for the fact that his clothes have been too good. The procedure then is almost standardized. A "rough house" is deliberately started by the ponce and his other witnesses. In the melee the man's pockets are turned out. His identity is established and the episode on that night is but the first move in a long drawn-out game. The extent of the blackmail depends entirely on the victim's spirit—and the depth of his pockets.

It is only to be expected that in the higher ranks of the Underworld, where the risks are proportionately greater as the class and standing of the victim rises, the preparations and organization should be correspondingly elaborate.

I once knew five famous places in London—expensive houses where this particular form of blackmail had been carried to a fine art, with all the latest appliances of science and electrical engineering to render it more perfect. Two were in Knightsbridge, one in Chelsea in the King's Road, one in Paddington and one in Mayfair.

In every case, microphone attachments connected every room with a central studio. Here dictograph machines were installed, so adjusted and attuned that they were capable of recording everything said in any room in the place. Earphones worn by the operator warned him when to switch the recording machine on and off. The women were well rehearsed. It was easy for them to put leading and incriminating questions. The dictograph did the rest. Faced with the spoken word, often in a recognizable voice, and with facts of their family history on the telltale record, few men could resist the pressure.

It is, however, around the regular white slave traffic that the most amazing part of the life of Marseilles revolves.

For months I tried to get to the bottom of this menace there. I failed. But I learned enough to know that what one sees in the Underworld hardly touches the fringe of the trade. Always I could get so far and no further. And however far I got, however deep into the ramifications of the trade I managed to penetrate, I always knew that there were still other depths to plumb.

To get to the bottom of this business and to expose it, would, I believe, lead a scandal of world-wide importance. For the brains of it, I am convinced, lie not in the Underworld itself, but are to be found in the highest circles of society in Marseilles and Paris, Algiers, Cairo and Buenos Aires, and I should not be surprised if some roots at least do not stretch out to London itself.

The powerful men in the Underworld of Marseilles are only the tools of far more powerful people elsewhere.

The broad facts of the network of their secret service are known. It is known, for instance, that an agent never knows "the man from higher up." Always there is supposed to be a link between himself and the man from whom he takes his orders. The truth is that in the secret service there are five of these links between the "master" and the "man." The white slave traffic of Marseilles—and in fact of the world, for I have met it in other countries than France, and always the broad fundamentals of organization are the same—is somewhat similarly decentralized, though, so far as I could find out, two or rarely three were considered sufficient links between any two effective operators.

Such a state of things, in fact, is imperative if, as in this case, the roots of this traffic strike deep into society not only in Marseilles but in Paris and London. I have found traces of its London connection in many cities, though I have never been able to run it to earth in London itself. But following up clues I stumbled on in my wanderings in Marseilles, I have followed the trail step by step to Paris, only to lose sight of it in the most exclusive society there.

It was in one of the haunts of the Marseilles Underworld, a sort of club where women are bought and sold, that late one night I happened to witness a curious incident. Suddenly my escort touched my elbow and called my attention to a woman who had just come in.

"Blanche, behind there," he whispered.

Blanche was a distinguished looking woman of about twenty-five. Time had not ravaged her features as it had lined the faces of so many of the others. She had no need to resort to paint and powder for attraction; indeed, paint and cream and powder could not have given her that fine skin and clear complexion which was so striking in its naturalness. Her clean-cut jaw, her high forehead and her deep-set eyes, far apart, the regular shape of her head, her full, yet not too full mouth; the slender column of her neck, stamped her as a woman apart in that crowd. One felt she had a past; that some great tragedy lay behind her present life. A callous lover, perhaps. Who could tell? For there was sympathy in her face, and understanding and intelligence.

Taking my arm, he led me to another room and pointed to where two men were in determined conversation at a table not far away, but in that crowded room with its unceasing chatter and clatter, out of earshot. One man I knew, M. Everard. He had pointed him out to me earlier in the evening. A good owner, it is true. But hard. Blanche had been his best woman. How he had obtained her, no one knew. But ugly tales of blackmail were whispered. He had a son, I was told. Toni.

Strange. I had known a Toni Everard in Paris. A fine, clean-cut man, with plenty of money always to spend. Fancy free, but a devil with the women. Toni had broken many hearts—unwittingly. Always he was very correct. But a perfect gall-nt

It was an old man with whom M. Everard was arguing, decrepit, almost. We went nearer the table on the far side of the room. His voice was quavering.

"But I cannot," I heard him squeak. "It is too much. Do you think she is a princess?"

"Blanche? Oh, no. Not a princess. But a darn good worker. I tell you, M. Jules Orlandie, I would not part with her for twice the amount, were it not for Toni."

I started. So it was the Toni Everard I knew in Paris. And it was Blanche who was being sold. But I failed to see the connection.

"What do you mean?"

M. Jules Orlandie seemed interested. A close cropped and neatly cut iron-gray beard covered his face, pointed at the chin. He wore glasses but was blind in one eye, for in place of the ordinary lens he had a black slide. Through the thick lens of the other eye, his pupil seemed bright, as though even at his age, the delight of conquest was sweet. Had it not been for his quavering voice, the wrinkles of his skin around the eyes, his iron-gray hair, and the stoop of his shoulders, I should have thought him a well-set-up man in that hearty middle age when man is at his best. As it was, I took him to be a well preserved man of sixty.

"What do you mean?" M. Jules Orlandie repeated.

M. Everard hesitated a minute as though considering how much or how little he would explain.

"Well," he said, "if you must know, I shall be glad to see Blanche gone to some other quarter. You want her for Buenos Aires. She won't want to go. Twice I have refused 30,000 francs for her from people who would have kept her in France. And she must not stay in France. If you will get her to Buenos Aires we may do business. How you get her there is your job. I won't help. It's too dangerous. I have to work here. You are going away. But you must put up your price."

"But Toni?" queried M. Jules Orlandie. "How does he come in?"

M. Everard laughed. "He thinks he's in love with her," he scoffed. "Wants to marry her. The fool. How does he think he will live? On what she earns? It would take five women like her to keep him. Besides, I have other ideas."

M. Jules Orlandie considered. "Then if I take her from you and away from Toni, you should be glad. I do you a favor."

"I acknowledge it. But business is business. Still, I will let you have her for half what those others offered. You may have her for 15,000 francs."

Jules Orlandie put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a notecase. Slowly he counted out fifteen notes and, folding them, handed them to M. Everard. M. Everard checked them quickly and pulled out his own case.

M. Orlandie stared at it. It was a peculiar material, I wondered at it myself.

M. Everard, noting his look, smiled. "Human skin," he said.

"Toni has one like it. He gave me this one. Bought them last year in Paris."

While he was speaking he folded up the notes, and put them in the case—already well filled I noticed—and replaced it in his pocket.

Blanche entered the room while he was doing it.

"M. Jules Orlandie, Blanche," he said, introducing her. "Will you be as good to him as you have been to me?"

"I think, M. Everard," squeaked the old man, "that perhaps I ought to tell her what I want her to do."

Blanche and he went to a table apart. There

(Continued on Page 24.)

What People Wrote About In Letters 5,000 Years Ago

A RECENT translation of letters written five thousand years ago by the people of Babylon reveals the curious fact that in those ancient times, just as nowadays, the two most absorbing topics of correspondence were love and business. Thus, it seems that in fifty centuries human nature has not changed a great deal, after all.

Inscribed on sun-dried clay tablets in the cuneiform, or wedge-shaped characters of the Sumerian language, these messages have been deciphered for the first time by Mr. John B Alexander, a graduate student at Yale University, and as a result of months of painstaking effort he has been able to present a number of interesting new details about the everyday life of the Babylonians

Since the business letters were usually straightforward, matter-of-fact records that bear a surprising resemblance to modern commercial transactions, they were much easier to translate than the love letters, in which the writers often indulged in poetic flights of fancy, or made obscure reference to personal matters known only to themselves and the individuals for whom the messages were intended Of all the letters, those written by women were the most difficult to understand, but as Mr Alexander somewhat slyly adds, this can hardly be considered an original discovery. In fact, women have been noted from earliest times for being misunderstood, and their mental processes have frequently baffled historians

There was nothing mysterious, however, about some of the things that were revealed in the tender missives of these lovely ladies of antiquity—for lovely they must have been, to write as they did. Thus, one fair correspondent becomes eloquent, and quoting poetry, pleads with her beloved as follows

"My cedar, in whose shadow I have found shelter, if you do not come to my aid right away I will have to sell the home of my fathers Ah, well! If only there is enough to bury me, that is all I ask."

Whatever may have been the result of this urgent message, it seems quite clear that the writer was some sort of Babylonian gold-digger. But, unfortunately, there is nothing in the record to show that her gentleman friend generously came across with the shekels to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, thus saving her from committing suicide, as she was evidently threatening to do

In their sentimental moods these women of old Babylon sometimes let their sweet nothings soar into language so flowery and emotional that it is most difficult to translate. But any time they asked for money, as they seemed to do quite as often as present-day women, their meaning is unmistakable. When speaking of money, they used simple, direct phrases that leave no doubt whatever as to what they are driving at, and can be put with the greatest of ease into any language

"Ten times," says Tarish-matum to Kubutum, "I have written to you, and you have not answered me. All I ask of you is a shekel of silver Is that too much, when I have not even a single measure of meal in the house? In the name of Pa-bil-sag (apparently a god) please send me at least one shekel

One odd fact about this letter is that there is a second part to it, on the same tablet, addressed to another man, begging him in honeyed words to use his influence to persuade Kubutum to send her the money right away Since it is obvious that Tarish-matum did not intend for Kubutum to see the second part of the letter, Mr. Alexander points out that here is additional proof that the ability to read and write was not general among the Babylonians

Another letter that contains a diverting mixture of business and sentiment was written by a wife who was giving her husband a present, and oddly enough, that present was a second wife Whether or not this was evidence of the first wife's devotion is not clear As any wife, it appears that once she was quite familiar with his preferences and prejudices she was the proper one to make such a gift Yet as generous as she may have been, she was still farsighted enough to protect her own rights.

She insists that it be put in writing that if the husband should decide to divorce her, she is to receive all of the property of the second wife. On the other hand, she was willing to agree that if she became jealous and left her husband, she was to have nothing at all and in addition would have to pay a forfeit.

The legal procedure by which she gave her husband a second wife is interesting Instead of buying the other woman as a slave, the first wife adopted her as a sister, and taking her into the household in this manner, then presented her to the husband as a new wife No other letters were written about this particular transaction, so there is no way of knowing how the unusual arrangement worked out

One of the letters, which Mr Alexander considers the most important discovery in the 177 he has translated, was written by King Rim-Sin, of Larsa, who ruled over most of Babylonia for sixty years. Writing to four men who have been identified as prominent figures of that period, the King says.

"Since they have cast a young slave into the oven, do ye cast a slave into the brick kiln."

From this it is evident that some men, whose names are not given, had murdered the slave of someone else by burning him in a bake-oven This case having come up on appeal to the King, he orders that the owner of the slave who was killed take revenge by burning to death one of the slaves of the murderers Since the rights of the second slave, who was entirely innocent, are given no consideration whatever, this seems to be a rather brutal way to settle the matter.

But the most surprising thing about the decree is that it runs counter to the code that had been established by Hammurabi, another great Babylonian King, who laid down the law that if anyone kills another's slave he must replace the loss with another slave of equal value, or make a cash settlement. Apparently when Rim-Sin made his decision, he had in mind the ancient rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which is to be found both in the Hammurabi code and in early Biblical law. But this rule, as usually applied, means that when one man kills another he must forfeit his own life not the life of one of his slaves Taking into account the high place that slaves held in the society of that era, and the value that was placed on them Mr. Alexander feels that it is all the more remarkable that Rim-Sin should have made such a decision

One curious fact discovered in these records is the method by which the Babylonians took an oath when called to testify in a lawsuit. One man was claiming that he owned a house occupied by another To prove his title, the man living in the house called the woman he had bought it from, and the procedure by which she was put under oath bears an odd resemblance to the present day custom of having witnesses swear to tell the truth while resting one hand on the Bible In Babylon, the image of a dog sacred to the goddess Gula was brought out With one hand on this image, the witness swore by Gula's dog to tell the truth

"Although the taking of an oath by this sacred symbol of the goddess may seem strange to us," Mr Alexander says "undoubtedly our own custom of taking an oath in court upon a sacred book would seem no less outlandish to the ancient inhabitants of Babylonia."

Several of the letters translated by Mr. Alexander were written by King Hammurabi to one of his high officials, Shamash-hasir One orders that a certain famous singer be allowed to keep his land, and another gives instructions for fields to be provided for seventeen runners, or messengers A third points out that the Governor of Enutbal has failed to make a payment of grain tribute that was due the King. Shamash-hasir is told to hurry up the payment by warning the Governor if it is not made promptly, the delay will be considered an act of rebellion

Some of the letters are in the form of deeds to land, and it is curious to note that their wording is much the same as that in deeds today The usual form of these ancient deeds is somewhat as follows

The property of Kubulum, adjoining the lot of Dada, next to the house of Fappa, consisting of ten square rods, more or less"

Other letters refer to the sale of cattle and wool, promissory notes for silver or grain, receipts and leases and records of the division of inherited property, and the sale of various temple offices When a man holding a temple office died, the office passed on to his son, for the rest of the term, and like any other property, it could be sold to another person

One individual whose name appears in thirty-nine of these letters was Lu-igi-sa, an important official whose name means "the man upon whom his god looked with favor." In one letter he is instructed to hire 1,800 men for some public work, and in another given authority to distribute 2,800 acres of land among 5,400 men. Another letter refers to a lawsuit, which Lu-igi-sa won. It seems that he had a group of men under his command His subordinate, Zalha, allowed someone without proper authority to take the men away, and was thereafter sued by Lu-igi-sa and ordered to pay damages of forty shekels of silver

Lawsuits, these letters reveal, were common among the Babylonians A certain Gidanum complains about a shortage of fifteen bushels of grain and threatens to sue. Dada, a trader, gave twenty-two shekels of silver to Sin-eribam, who was to use the money to buy a slave for Dada. What Sin-eribam did with the money is not known, but more than a year later, Dada writes that he is going to sue because he has received no slave and only twelve shekels of silver have been returned to him.

In addition to the letters, Mr. Alexander has deciphered a number of tags that were used to identify day laborers, boatmen, and soldiers. These are small clay tablets that have a hole through them from top to bottom near one edge. It is supposed that a cord, long since decayed, went through such holes and was used to fasten the tablet either to the neck of a workman or to some object described on it. Some of them bear descriptions of gifts made to the temple, with the names of the givers, the officials who took charge of the presents, the date and the impression of the official seal. In some instances the names of as many as eighty men appear on such tags, and in cases of that sort, it is believed that the tags were fastened to bags of grain meant to be used to feed the slaves or laborers whose names are on the tablets

An important point found in connection with these letters and records is that they are not dated with the year of the reigning King, but by reference to some important event. Thus, in addition to their subject matter, the tablets give brief glimpses of current happenings that affected the whole country, and for this reason it is believed that they will add considerably to the knowledge of Babylonian history

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Janet Gets Pinched

By Julian Fitzgerald

(Continued from Page 13)

Murdoch himself dived for the door As he went, the infuriated banker picked up an oriental vase and hurled it at the reporter

The vase passed Murdoch far out to starboard and hit a slender young man who was just entering the door The slender young man slipped quietly on to a priceless Bokhara rug

* * *

"Oh, oh, oh!" wailed Janet "It's James and you've killed him." She rushed across to the inanimate form of the slender young man and propped his head in her lap. "James dearest, Jimmy darling, Jumbo my pet," sobbed Janet, disintegrating portions of Ming pottery from James Van Courtland. "Oh, I never knew how much I cared till now."

"Nor did I," muttered the banker, gazing at his vase.

Janet turned on him. "Why don't you do something instead of standing there like a fish?"

"Fishes don't stand," said the banker, testily. "What does one do?"

"Get some water. Get a doctor. Get Simpson. Get a move on."

They got some water. They got a doctor. They got Simpson. And James Van Courtland got better. So much better that during the afternoon he cornered John D Bruce in the library and applied for the position of son-in-law

"Now look here, young man," said Banker Bruce, firmly. "I've got several Ming vases, but only one daughter. Do you love her?"

"Sir, I worship the ground she walks on."

"H'm, I should not remind Janet of that too often. She might start running. Does she love you?"

"Well, sir, she has just told me that I look like Gary Cooper, and I hoped—"

"Yes, yes—that's a good sign But I want to impress this on you, young man; I don't care whether you're a millionaire or a stockbroker; the man who marries Janet must have a job."

"I've just managed to get one, Mr. Bruce. I start next Monday, and I'm tremendously keen to get to work."

"What is the job?"

"Assistant gossip-writer, sir, on the Daily Star."

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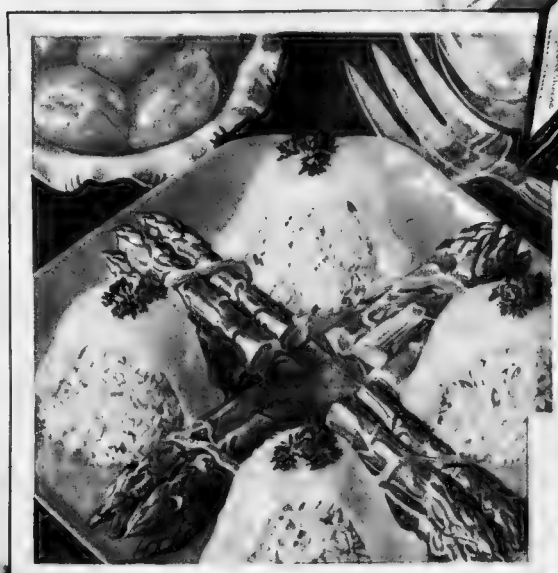

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE Cook 8 small potatoes, 8 baby carrots, 1 small cauliflower, broken to small pieces, 1 cup peas. In 2 cups hot medium cream sauce melt 1 package of Kraft Creamed Old English. Stir until smooth. (Note how perfectly Creamed Old English melts, without a lump or a "string"!) Place vegetables in casserole, pour sauce over them and place in oven for a few minutes. Garnish with parsley

CHEESE CRABMEAT SANDWICHES Toast 6 slices of white bread on one side. Spread untoasted side with thick layer of crabmeat. Top with slices of Creamed Old English Cheese. Place in moderate oven until the cheese is melted. (Notice how *quickly* Creamed Old English melts!) Top with chopped green onions and a little horse-radish. Garnish with radish roses and green olives

OLD ENGLISH FILLED CELERY Cut tops from bunch of celery, wash and dry each stalk separately. Stuff the smallest stalk with Kraft Creamed Old English (softened at room temperature). Fill the next largest stalk and press it onto the first. Continue filling and pressing stalks together until you have duplicated the original bunch of celery. Tie completed bunch with string, chill. Cut in slices and serve on curly endive or watercress with Kraft French Dressing

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Murder, Mystery and Romance on an Island of Peril

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LORIN OSTERHOUT a scientist has been conducting [illegible] on a government island [illegible] with his daughter Celia, who will [illegible] Dan Barry, a friend of [illegible] Celia Ramsay, [illegible] Dan Barry, [illegible] Mallow and [illegible] Dunn, all of whom [illegible] Osterhout [illegible] Dan [illegible] Celia [illegible] Dan [illegible] Celia [illegible] Dan [illegible] Celia

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MRS. JESSE ANDERSON, OF TALLULAH, LA. A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST SPECIAL OF MRS. ANDERSON'S IS WHOLE-WHEAT CORN BREAD. HER PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE CALLS FOR JEWEL SHORTENING.

MRS W.F. CARMICHAEL,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, CREATED THIS PRIZE RECIPE FOR A WONDERFUL BREAKFAST DISH—APRICOT MUFFINS. THEY ARE MADE WITH JEWEL SHORTENING, FOR FAMOUS SOUTHERN COOKS AGREE THAT JEWEL MAKES LIGHTER AND MORE TENDER BAKED FOODS.

MID-WINTER BREAKFAST *Suggestions*

PRIZE WHOLE-WHEAT CORN BREAD

Mix well 1½ cups of white corn meal, ½ cup of whole-wheat flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar. Add 1 egg, lightly beaten; 1½ cups of milk; and 4 tablespoons of melted Jewel Shortening. Mix quickly. Pour into well-greased, heated pan and bake in a hot oven 400 F., for 25 to 30 minutes. The bread is particularly attractive when baked, as shown here, in pans shaped like corn cobs.

PRIZE APRICOT UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS

Sift together 2 cups flour, ½ cup sugar, 3 tsps. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt. Add ¼ cup melted Jewel Shortening, 2 eggs and 1 cup milk, and beat until batter is smooth and light. Place 1 tsp. butter and 1 tbsp. brown sugar in each muffin pan and heat until melted and thoroughly blended. Put a cooked dried apricot half, cut petal-shape in 3 sections, in each pan with cut side up. Fill pans half full of batter and bake 25 minutes at 375 degrees.

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Goose Fair

S. A[illegible] Woo[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PATSY DORAN is brought up with [illegible] at midnight Uncle [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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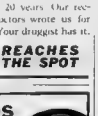

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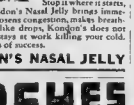

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Grave Fa... S. A... W...

(Continued from Page 20)

cated Patsy But Jimsie did not talk much

Once he said If the family come swarming round tonight, Patsy, I'll show them the night again You're not expecting them, are you?"

"No" Patsy shook her head She expected nobody. Everybody had deserted her, to leave her with Jimsie

"Away to bed sleepy head!" Jimsie said when dinner was over. He put an arm round Patsy and squeezed her. There was a scarlet flush on each dark cheek. His neck, which had just missed the rope, was swarthy and thick, swollen, it seemed after its narrow escape He laughed ruefully "Mistress Lavender eh? Blood-cake and everything. And much it looks like it! Away you go."

Patsy scampered, ridden by panic, up the stairs. But, once in her room, she sat upon the bed, staring at nothing. It wasn't true This was a dream of blind Patsy Doran, whose body lay curling up in her caravan Presently, she would awake, blind, but safe

After a long time, Patsy moved Her limbs felt still and there was a terror in her soul that made her want to die Then it seemed to her that there was a sound downstairs, and voices It made her open the door and creep to the top of the stairs Voices certainly. Daddy Doran's

Patsy ran down and opened the door of the room, softly. It was a strange sight that met her gaze Jimsie Lavender stood by the writing bureau, which was open, and in his hand was the bundle of notes from Uncle Phineas she had thrust there On the hearthrug stood Uncle Phineas she had thrust there On the hearthrug stood Uncle Phineas and Aunt Minnie and Daddy Doran.

Daddy Doran's arm was outstretched to the door

"You hangdog slip-the-rope," he said, quietly "Put that down, and shift out"

The face that Jimsie Lavender lifted was gray

"How'd you come here" he whispered and it was Aunt Minnie who answered.

"Through the hole in the door maybe Wid a police whistle in my hand Jimsie Lavender as you can see and for two pins I'd blow it After perjuring myself for you, and Almighty forgive me"

"Shift!" said Daddy Doran, impassively Or I'll put that rope round your neck again You know how I could be doing it

Patsy, in the doorway, shrank back as Jimsie Lavender obeyed He brushed quite close to her when he passed into the hall, but did not see her in his cowed panic. Slowly Patsy went into the room

"Pathe darlint!" Aunt Min-

(Continued from Page 18)

like this Garrett found her really beautiful

The beach guard looked up Garrett waved a friendly arm at him The man stared an instant and resumed his patrol, mistaking Garrett at that distance for one of his comrades

Let's get on," said Garrett bluntly. "He distrusted girls as keenly as this one

She studied him an instant her lip between her teeth

"You've got a sweet nerve!" she stamped at last "Go ahead and lead the way" She stood aside

Garrett passed her without interest. He wanted to be sure that the black speck was nearer, lower and both larger Now there was no mistaking it for anything except Osterhout's model airship

He saw it lift and dip to the freshening dawn breeze but some miracle of automatic control turned its nose a little and kept it on the same course Soon it had drawn close enough for him to see that it was moving quite fast, and that on its present course, it would pass some distance over his head

An abrupt crackle of sound like burning leaves brought his head down swiftly Ahead on the landward side and close inshore lay a boat of some sort still half-hidden by mist, with a ripple of pink flashes spurting skyward from its bows. He jerked a glance at the nearing model and saw it swerve. Then he heard the rifle, took careful aim and fired at the boat. A tiny spurt of water leaped where his bullet had fallen short. Raising the rear sight a trifle, he fired again and again

A faint clang reached his ears followed by shouts and the sudden racket of an engine Through whisps of mist he saw the powerboat veer in a short arc and head for the mainland, raising a tremendous V-shaped wrinkle on the ocean. There were two men huddled in her bows and one at the helm. The men in the bows had ceased firing

Garrett looked hastily for the model, failed to find it and whirled just in time to see it dip out of sight toward the house He rolled over and looked down at the east beach. The guard there was staring this way and that, his rifle at the charge. He must have heard the firing, but the spot where the vessel had lurked was out of his range of vision. He saw the speed-boat and stood peering after it under his hand

CHAPTER V.
Introductions.

GARRETT rose and started back Now that the model had proved itself, there was even more need to guard it and Osterhout's plans

A figure sprang into view over a raise in the crest ahead moving rapidly toward him It was a girl in bathing cap and dressing gown, her legs showing at intervals as she walked When she drew nearer, he recognized her as the girl he had seen in the living room last night

A few feet in front of him she halted abruptly

"May I ask what you're doing up here?"

Garrett studied her "Why?"

Her dark eyes flashed "I want to know what you're doing up here with that rifle?"

"You're Miss Camray, aren't you?"

"Are you going to answer?" she demanded.

Garrett shook his head "If you thought I was up to mischief," he countered, "you were childishly reckless to come up here and tackle me alone. A girl of your age ought to have more sense I'll walk back to the hut with you"

He wanted to make her angry and he succeeded. With a jerk of her head, she sent a ringing call down the slope. In a rage

...ole was hoping her light Over ... Aunt Minnie's shoulder Patsy thought she saw Beth for an instant, but she vanished if it was really she Her brain was spinning so cruelly that she might have imagined it. Then Daddy Doran touched her, with the pitiful smile back upon his full-moon face again

"That's your gippo husband on the run, as though Jack Ketch was after his heels again. We're not staying, Patsy D— away back to our hotel we're going You think upon all of to-day as a bad dream that's fled

"I'm wanting badly to come back with you to Doran's

At that Daddy Doran shook his head with a soft, tolerant laugh "Tis not your world Doran's A foreigner to it save your eyes opened, you always were It's disenanting for the Winter to-morrow morning, is Doran's Next Spring you'll come down and sit in the Distinguished Stranger's box. Till then we'll be honored to see you any time Patsy but this is where you belong Justin Devine's daughter you are and always were"

Patsy looked through the open door of the room, to the broad stairs as It seemed to her that she saw a gentle and dignified figure coming down them, at last

The big house was very quiet, after the three or four people had gone A drizzle of rain outside kept the street silent The fire in the grate smoked and Patsy dozed in the big chair from behind which Charlie Symes's voice had told her that her father Justin Devine, wanted her Tawny head red mouth and Indian flushed face nodded She was very tired, and though something else was going to happen she knew, it was impossible to keep awake

Back at her whispered Beth Is— Is she not fine, some— with the details all gone wrong, but Cinderella, all the same Don't awaken her Sweet Is going at a moment

You're a spleid woman for a— now-today Beth said, sweet as treacle You'll be no sayed of"

Beth said an inarticulate sound The sleeping Patsy Her face was pale but tender

For as long as a kind of god the machine Not so spleid, did Simon I've a long way to go to be that I've wanted both to eat and keep my cakes too long I've learned it cannot be done, it is all Patsy taught

Patsy looked through the open door of the room, to the broad stairs as It seemed to her that she saw a gentle and dignified figure coming down them, at last

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Back at her whispered Beth Is— Is she not fine, some— with the details all gone wrong, but Cinderella, all the same Don't awaken her Sweet I'm

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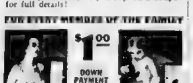

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How Will Man Look and Live 20,000 Years From Now

(Continued from Front Page)

system. There will be a marked lengthening of the nose, a modification of the form of the lower leg-bone, the disappearance of the middle toe, a reduction in the area of the shoulder-blades, et-cetera.

But other changes will be more noticeable. It has been assumed in the illustrations that man will have less hair. This, however, is a hypothesis which is less supported than the others. It is evident even now that man as a rule is less hairy than the animals But the reduction of hair is not a sign of racial inferiority and may be explained in various ways into which we will not enter.

More certain is the lengthening of the legs and the shortening of the arms in the Future Man, according to a law of development which can be traced from the beginning of human existence For the same reasons we can foretell a progressive atrophy of the foot. But the hand will have a tendency to become more developed and to possess fingers more independent of one another while the delicacy of its sense of touch will increase.

These are modifications that can be logically predicted, in accordance with the laws of comparative anatomy. But they are not all. The greatest changes shown by living creatures have always been due to the environment in which they live. When this environment changes, the animal must change in order to adapt himself to the new conditions or he must die.

We will reserve for the next chapter an inquiry into the artificial methods that man will use to struggle against the influence of these changes and we will only consider today their physical effect.

In the distant future we shall see the chest of man, as well as other air-breathing vertebrates, assume a considerable development in order to make room for more powerful lungs, made necessary by an atmosphere which has lost much of its oxygen. The lungs will have to work harder to make up for this decrease.

The increased labor of breathing will, if it is not lightened by the use of mechanical appliances, have an influence on the heart and the circulatory system. But it is difficult to forecast the external signs of this change. A big manly chest is a desirable feature on the human male today and probably could also be considered a point of feminine beauty, without too much re-education. But one thing that has always been considered hideous in either sex is a pair of huge projecting bat-like ears. The human race will have to get over that prejudice. As air gets thinner and sounds fainter, the dainty, shell-like ear close to the head, won't be much good. The belle of the future ball is likely to have ears like an elephant.

The most startling change lies in the possibility of getting rid of almost the entire digestive tract. Man's prehistoric ancestors had a tough life, subsisting much of the time on such chaff and tough vegetable matter as drought and other animals had not destroyed, together with an occasional piece of half-putrid fish. As a result his digestive system is still adapted to gleaning a little nourishment out of a lot of trash.

Now the poor relative of the apes is the lord of the planet. His brain tells him how, instead of that wretched provender, to manufacture pure, concentrated nutriment. An ounce or two of this perfect food should supply all the body's needs for a day with virtually no labor at all to the digestion. But instead it only makes him sick because his poor old digestive system unused to such kindness, cannot handle it.

Many have forecast that the skilled surgeons of the far future will cut out the entire intestinal tract, closing the pylorus valve at the lower end of the stomach, making that organ simply a storage tank for water and concentrated nourishment of such improved composition that like water it will pass directly through the stomach walls and into the blood. Relieving the human race of both the large and small intestine would leave a cavity such as would give the ladies and gentlemen of the future a waistline like that of a greyhound. If above that cavity there is an oversized chest, humanity's figure would look more like that of an ant.

The progress of mechanical science will place the body under new laws, suppressing a large part of the physical labor now performed in order to allow freedom to the activity of the brain. One of the accompanying illustrations shows a woman in a central booth directing the work of a vast factory which today would require the labor of a great force of men, but in which all the machines in future will be set to work by the simple action of levers, electrical controls and wave series. This form of activity, which is today only in a rudimentary stage, will certainly become predominant in the future and there is no doubt that it will have a great influence on the human body.

The probable changes that our race will undergo in its physical appearance have been reviewed We must now consider the changes which will take place at the same time upon the earth and against which man will have to struggle by methods of protection which will depend on his science and industry.

With the thin cloudless atmosphere, the absence of water and vegetation on the surface of the earth, will come unpleasantly violent alternations of extreme heat and cold, probably driving the Inhabitants to subterranean realms, lighted perhaps by sunlight reflected down by a series of mirrors.

In the next chapter will be considered some of the delightful privileges and awful restrictions our descendants will enjoy and suffer.

To Be Concluded Next Week.

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Sea Shroud — Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 21)

in front. Garrett noted with half his mind how gracefully she moved and earned her head.

With the other half of his mind he was wondering why Dan had failed to hear his shots. He had been some distance along the ridge and lying down. Perhaps the crack of his rifle had not carried that far, with nothing up here to echo it. Perhaps Dan had been snatching a nap with the coming of dawn. On the other hand, perhaps he had expected to hear shots.

They topped a slight rise and Garrett's thoughts were diverted. The model lay on the ground close to the house. It had lost some of its rounded contours. Osterhout stood beside it. There was nobody else in sight.

The girl swerved and quickened her pace.

"Uncle Lorin!" she called. "Is it damaged?"

Osterhout waited for the procession to reach him.

"What's all this?" he asked grimly as they lined up.

"I was going down to swim," explained his niece, "and heard shots from the ridge. I found this man up there with a rifle. He says it's yours and admits that he fired it. Says he was shooting gulls! I made Dan take his rifle away." Her tone was slightly vindictive.

Garrett and Dan exchanged a brief glance. It was just masculine instinct, and committed them to nothing.

"All right, Dan," said Osterhout. "I lent him the rifle. Give it to me. Better get back to your post, eh?"

Dan obeyed and left them, avoiding Celia's eyes.

"Did you—shoot any gulls?" inquired Osterhout of Garrett. His tone was unsteady as though he had been running.

"I'm afraid not. Merely scared them away."

Celia flung her head up "Uncle Lorin! This man was firing just as your ship came over! I looked up and saw it, when I heard his shots. Are you going to let him get away with that applesauce about shooting at gulls?"

"Celia, this is Mr. Garrett," said Osterhout dryly. "My niece, Miss Camray. Try to be hospitable, Celia. This gentleman was almost wrecked on the island last night."

The girl stared at him, her eyes puzzled and hostile.

Garrett bowed, wondering how the men in the speed-boat had known when to expect the model. Celia must have known it was being tested last night. It struck him that she went bathing very early.

"Come on, you two," said Osterhout. "Help me get it inside. We'll take it in through the court."

Although twenty feet long, the model was built on the narrower lines of the Graf Zeppelin and had a cross diameter of just less than a yard. With Celia holding the doors open for them, they got it through the passage without much difficulty. It was still very light to handle.

The court was free of mist in the dawn light, and the brightly colored umbrellas over the tables hung dejected and reeking with moisture. While avoiding the tables and chairs, Garrett found time to glance around overhead and locate the wireless antennae. They were strung on narrow steel masts, and stretched from the front to the rear wing, above the court. They cleared the roofs by only a few feet, but the height of the island made longer masts unnecessary.

Catching his host's eye, Garrett nodded toward the door in the left wing, where he had seen the face last night.

"Hullo" he said casually "Where does that lead?"

Celia looked at him with unflattering amazement.

To the dining room, kitchen and so on," said Osterhout. "Getting hungry?"

Shooting gulls," said Garrett, "always gives me an appetite, especially when I miss them."

Celia gave a little snort and Osterhout laughed.

The door into the workshop had been designed to admit the model. They got it indoors and hoisted it on the bench. It rolled on its side. This position revealed two bullet holes in the under surface near the keel. Garrett had already seen the holes near the top where the bullets emerged. The men in the speed-boat had been good shots.

Although the lower holes were inconspicuous in the black silk, Celia noticed them. Her body stiffened.

"Uncle Lorin! Look!" she pointed. "He was shooting at it! Those are bullet holes!"

"I believe you're right," said Osterhout. "However, there's no harm done. Run along, my dear, and get your swim. Keep in sight and hearing of the guard on the beach."

The girl threw her hands out in exasperation. Garrett noticed how small and shapely they were.

"Uncle Lorin!" she cried "This man tried to bring down your ship! Don't you understand? He's a spy!"

She backed away from Garrett with an air of defiance.

"Will you run along, Celia?" demanded Osterhout. "I have perfect confidence in Mr. Garrett."

She stared at her uncle incredulously until both men smiled. Then, "I've nothing more to say," she replied, "except that I think you're perfectly reckless and I'm going to warn Dan and the others! You always think you can trust everyone!"

Garrett wondered who else Osterhout had trusted and she distrusted. He was more inclined to believe in her loyalty now. Experience had taught him, however, that women were born actresses. The more direct and plausible and attractive they seemed, the more they needed watching. This girl seemed both direct and plausible. She was certainly attractive.

"Celia," said Osterhout quietly, "go and have your swim—and say nothing to the others, please. Understand?"

She looked from her uncle to Garrett, as though trying to read what lay between them. Then, with a gesture of hopeless resignation, she turned and went out.

"Now," said Osterhout. "What happened?"

Garrett told him in a few sentences, adding: "Where the speed-boat lay at first, a point of land cut it off from your man on the beach. But he saw it run for the mainland."

"I believe you," Osterhout smiled. "To be frank, I was up on the roof and saw you firing downward. I couldn't see the boat until it raced away. Perhaps you will believe that I'm not as incautious as Celia thinks!"

Garrett laughed. "Who else did you trust—and she suspect of being a villain? Anybody who's here now?"

"You credit woman's intuition? She doesn't like Mrs. Mallow. The lady isn't attractive, but Mallow is useful and clever. My ship was largely his idea in the first place."

Well, it works," said Garrett "The next thing is to go ashore with those plans and send them to Washington. I think registered mail will be safest——"

"My dear man," Osterhout interrupted, "we can't rush them off like that! In the first place, I won't know until tomorrow whether the model did work perfectly—where and from what height the arrows fell. In the second place, I've got to write up my notes to accompany the plans I left those until I can be sure that I have the best devices possible."

"How long will that take? The longer those plans are here on the island, the greater risks you run—now your ship has proved itself."

"Two days at least after I hear from Los Angeles."

Garrett walked to the door, locked it and returned, frowning thoughtfully. "Can't you send off the plans at once and forward your notes later?"

"Not without copying the plans, which would take a long time. My notes refer to the plans in detail. I've had enough to make me nervous, Garrett. I'll destroy the parts and get the plans off as soon as I can, but you mustn't expect the impossible. Two or three more days won't matter."

"Let's hope not," said Garrett. "I wonder how those men in the speed-boat knew when to expect the model back?"

"I've been wondering that myself," Osterhout confessed, uneasily. "And how they got through the kelp. Their boat made for the exact channel and cut off the power at just the right moment. I'm not sure they did know when to expect it. They may have been lurking there night after night."

"Which doesn't explain how they knew where to wait! Your little ship, was almost vertically over them when they started firing. If their shots had wrecked the bow engine, the model would have drifted back over the water and come down to them. It looks like a leak from here. Has anyone used your wireless—or gone ashore lately?"

"We go twice a week for supplies. Since I started making the parts I think we've all been ashore at different times. Dan and Celia were the last to go. All the servants have had their days on the mainland. We've been marooned out here for eight months, remember. Sam Placer goes in today with Mallow, who's giving a lecture on modern wireless in Los Angeles tonight. He'll meet my man and find out about the flares."

"Who's been ashore this last week?"

"Let's see. Dan with Celia—and Buck with Andy."

"Doctor Linkiater? And who's used the wireless?"

Osterhout smiled. "Mallow is an expert, and Dion is on the way to be one. Neither of them has touched it, so far as I know. They're the only ones who could use it."

Garrett poked about and found a rag. "I don't like that boat," he said. "Those men know too much. They'll try again."

CHAPTER VI.
That Extra Rifle.

GARRETT unloaded the rifle and set thoughtfully to work cleaning it and wiping the moisture from the metal.

Osterhout began to strip the working parts from his model and stack them together. Presently he raised the light hull and brought it over to the desk.

Garrett helped him suspend it from the dangling rods, where it extended over chair and desk. "What makes it lighter than air?" he asked, fingering the glassy "dope" on the silk.

"Helium. I borrowed two small tanks from the navy. I still have one tank full. Most of this has leaked out the bullet holes—which Celia found for us."

"Yes. Does she spend much time with your guards?"

"Still harping on those marines of mine?"

"At present I'm suspecting everybody."

"Including Celia?" asked Osterhout, shrewdly.

"Perhaps not her loyalty—but her discretion."

Osterhout merely shook his

(Continued on Page 23)

A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. *And he has.*

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take—Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste *good!*

Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—*even to the taste.* You won't have to nag or coax them to take it. You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. *And that's important!*

For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.

Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is *safe!* There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is *not* a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains. And it won't form a habit.

Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple. It works gently, blandly—yet *thoroughly.*

Depend upon Fletcher's Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years. Get the thrifty Family Size bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

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Plastic Wood fastens Casters and Drawer-pulls

End those irritating nuisances around the house—**loose drawer-pulls, casters and bathroom fixtures, cracks in floors, around baseboards, broken furniture**—repair them quickly with Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it, carve it—it adheres to wood, metal, plaster—holds nails and screws. You'll say Plastic Wood is wonderful—paint and hardware stores sell 25c tubes and 35c cans.

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Blackheads Curbed by New Beautifier

Thousands of women who formerly were miserable over a skin beladen with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, and other blemishes, now rave about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation contains live oxygen that penetrates into the mouths of the pores, loosens fatty blackheads, and curbs their further formation.

When the oxygen frees the pores from this disfiguring dirt and grease, they return to normal size and the skin resumes its natural, clean appearance. It is soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen and is Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Prove to yourself beyond a doubt that you can have a skin forever free from blackheads, whiteheads, open pores, discoloration and other blemishes. Dioxogen Cream brings benefit in any skin to which it is applied. Not drying. 50c and $1 jars at dept. stores and high class drug stores.

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 22)

head and returned to the bench. The more fragile parts from his model he hammered flat and melted down. Others he dismantled and scattered. When he finished, there was nothing left except fragments.

He went to wash his hands, and stood in the door of the lavatory, drying them. He looked drawn with fatigue and his eyes were bloodshot.

"You'll need a warmer suit here," he remarked. "I'll borrow one from Doctor Linklater. He's about your size. Then we'll see about some breakfast."

"It's still early," said Garrett. "Before you rouse the servants I'd like to find that extra rifle."

Osterhout looked at him quickly and turned back to replace the towel. Rising, Garrett tucked the slender rifle under his arm. Osterhout emerged, glanced at the same, and unlocked the door into the court.

"You have a persistently suspicious mind," he said.

As they came out into the fresh air the rising sun was just tipping the wireless masts with gold. Osterhout led the way diagonally across to that door in the left wing.

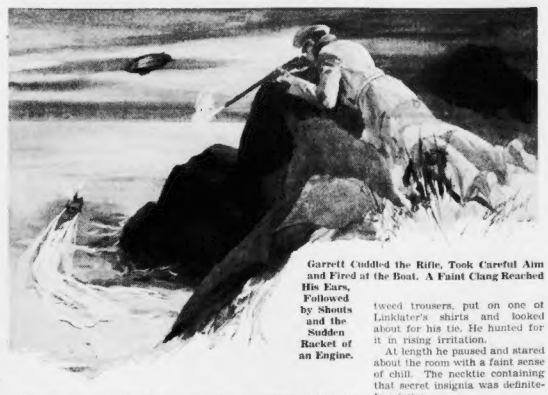
It opened into a hall which ran to the left, toward the front of the house. Osterhout turned right and opened a door into the kitchen. It was deserted. They crossed to a small storeroom, the door of which was not locked.

A narrow, wooden case lay against one wall. Osterhout raised the lid, disclosing a lone rifle.

"There you are," he said, dryly. "Satisfied?"

Garrett took out the weapon and carried it under the small window. It was unloaded and the inside of the barrel looked clean. He borrowed Osterhout's handkerchief to wipe out the muzzle. The crumpled linen showed nothing, not even traces of oil. He removed the bolt, found a tiny thread of lint on the firing pin and replaced the bolt. It clicked home easily. He put the rifle back with care and shut the case.

"Where do you keep the ammunition?" he asked.



Garrett Cuddled the Rifle, Took Careful Aim and Fired at the Boat. A Faint Clang Reached His Ears, Followed by Shouts and the Sudden Racket of an Engine.

"Dan has one box. Here's another on this shelf."

Garrett lifted the box down, set it on a barrel by the window and opened it. The cartridges were in clips of five each, but were scrambled together loosely so that he could not tell whether any clips were missing. He closed the lid and replaced the box on the shelf exactly where he had found it.

"How long have these things been here?"

"Eight months—ever since we came. Satisfied now?"

"Entirely," said Garrett in a low voice and stepped softly to the door. Returning, he wiped a finger along the top of the shelf and showed Osterhout the little ridge of dust and fine sand on his fingertip. Then he repeated the process, first with the lid of the case and then with the box of cartridges. His finger collected no dust from either one.

Osterhout stared. "What do you mean?" he whispered.

"That somebody opened both these boxes not very long ago," replied Garrett, softly. "Their fingers left marks in the dust, so they wiped off the entire lids to hide the traces. That rifle has been cleaned within the last few hours. There's almost no oil on it, but it works easily and shows no rust that I could see. It would rust very quickly in this damp air."

"Good heaven!" muttered Osterhout. "I—I can't believe that of anyone in my household. It must be spies from the sea."

"But you do believe it," said Garrett, quietly. "The men in that boat—the men offshore at night—have rifles. Why come up here and borrow yours? This clears your marines, for the same reason. You must be on your guard. Now let's get out of here before we're seen."

The older man pulled himself together with an effort.

"It's a bitter pill to swallow," he muttered. "You don't mean to leave the rifle here—to be used again!"

"Of course I do. We must catch the spy with that rifle in his hands. Just finding somebody in there wouldn't be the conclusive proof you'll want—for a member of your household." Garrett stood aside for his host and closed the door behind them, leaving the storeroom as they had found it.

They passed through the kitchen and gained the court without seeing anyone. "What about that suit?" asked Garrett.

Osterhout stroked his thin nose and glanced about him in shocked abstraction for a moment. Then he led the way across to the right wing. The door on this side opened into the living room, close to the door into the little hall. The living room was deserted.

Turning right into the hall, he passed Garrett's room and stopped at the next door. The room beyond was his own, and the hall ended there. He rapped and listened, then called:

"Andy! Shake a leg in there, and let me in!"

Garrett heard a thump and the patter of bare feet. The door opened to disclose a big, stout man in pajamas, the man he had seen over the chess board last night. He had soft jowls, prominent blue eyes and a cloud of fuzzy hair.

"My aunt, Lorin!" he exclaimed in a deep, petulant voice. "It's just sun-up! Is the house on fire?"

"Nothing like that," replied Osterhaut, tolerantly. "This young frfend of mine was wrecked here last night. He'll have to stay until he can fix up his boat, and he has nothing to wear. Will you lend him a suit of your clothes?"

The man stared from one to the other. His eyes made Garrett think of a Pekingese. "I suppose I will, if you say so," he chuckled, and licked his lips. "A—a friend of yours?"

"Yes. Howard Garrett. This is Doctor Linklater."

Garrett replied suitably. The doctor took his hand, gave it a shake and let go as if it had stung him. He backed into his room holding the door open and turned stoutly to the clothes closet. Garrett thought this friendship a surprising one. The attraction of opposites might explain it—or some kindly, protective streak in Osterhout. The doctor looked a misfit almost anywhere you put him.

"Make it a warm suit, if you have one to spare," said Osterhout. "And maybe you can lend him a shirt or two, some socks and underwear and ties. He has nothing at all."

"Just the suit and a shirt, thanks," said Garrett. "It won't take me long to fix up the sloop. Sorry to bother you, Doctor. Very kind of you both."

Linklater waddled into the closet and emerged with a rough tweed suit. He stroked it lovingly before handing it to Garrett. He abstracted a couple of shirts from the bureau and laid those over Garrett's arm. His hands were large, soft and hairy and he smelled of citronella.

Garrett thanked him politely and stood waiting.

"Much obliged, Andy," smiled Osterhout. "Want to eat with us or sleep some more? We're having breakfast soon."

"I—I may as well get up," said Linklater, vaguely.

They went out. Garrett had left Osterhout's rifle standing in the hall. He picked it up without a sound.

The inventor followed him to his room and shut the door. "Try on the suit," he suggested. Then with a restless glance: "Andy's had a shock. Don't jump to conclusions about him, Garrett. He's—he might have been a fine doctor."

"I never do," said Garrett. "Tell me if you like."

Osterhout shook his head. "It's not my —business."

Garrett changed from the leather coat and his limp whites into the tweeds. The coat fitted his shoulders and the trousers were the right length. Both were two large for his waist and narrow hips.

"They'll do," said Osterhout, restlessly. "I'll stir up Susan and Pierre and have them get us some breakfast."

"I notice this hall stops at your room," Garrett smiled. "How do you get into the rooms in the front?"

"They have French windows opening on the court. Why?"

"I just wondered. Who occupies them?"

"Celia's room is next mine. Then come the Mallows and then the covered passage. Beyond that is Dion's room and then Susan's. Those four all open into the court. The far corner room belongs to Sako and Pierre."

"Where else does that door across the court lead?"

You asked about that before. Away from the kitchen, it leads to the dining room and that corner bedroom. Why?"

"I just like to know the lie of the land," Garrett replied, absently. From the arrangement of rooms over there, the man who had watched him from that doorway last night was probably either Sako or Brisson. This was only probable. He did not accept it—or the sex of the watcher—as a fact.

"I'll see to breakfast," Osterhout began.

"You might take your rifle and alarm clock," said Garrett. "I'll keep the leather coat unless you need it."

"Not at all." Osterhout took them and departed.

Garrett changed his belt to the tweed trousers, put on one of Linklater's shirts and looked about for his tie. He hunted for it in rising irritation.

At length he paused and stared about the room with a faint sense of chill. The necktie containing that secret insignia was definitely missing.

Garrett hunched on the tweed coat thoughtfully. He transferred wallet and cigarettes from his own wrinkled yachting coat, and Osterhout's gun from the leather coat.

Some person had reopened that little window last night and had seen him show Osterhout his tie. That person had come in and taken it, while Garrett was out on the ridge.

Almost certainly that person was the spy here. In that case he was anything but a fool. He must have found the tell-tale Department of Justice insignia and grasped what it meant. Garrett's real mission on the island was no longer a secret from the one person who ought not to know it.

With this disturbing reflection, Garrett went out into the court to rejoin his host.

Osterhout was strolling up and down, figure erect, hands clasped behindhim, breathing deep of the clean sea air. Though his carriage bespoke a good job done, that was a bluff put up by natural courage. The eyes he turned on Garrett were shocked and haunted.

He led the way across to the dining room. A blending aroma of bacon and coffee and the rattle of stove lids from the kitchen gave promise of breakfast.

A middle-aged Japanese houseboy had finished setting the table. Osterhout bade him good morning.

"This is an old friend, but a new guest, Kyosi," he explained. "Mr. Garrett was almost wrecked on the island last night. Kyosi Sako has been with me for many years, Garrett."

"Finding myself happier to meet you!" bowed the smiling Sako. "It are fine morning, too!"

Garrett nodded agreement and studied the houseboy. Sako was the broad-faced type of Japanese, with a smiling mouth and eyes that expressed nothing. He had an air of expectant complaisance.

Osterhout dismissed him to fetch in their breakfast.

The first person to join them was Celia. Glowing from her swim, and with her wavy brown hair in evidence, she was even lovelier than Garrett had realized. Her skin had a velvet warmth that set off the rich brown of her eyes.

She acknowledged his presence with a cool glance, trailed the caress of slim fingers across her uncle's hand and sat down next to him, opposite Garrett.

"Poor Uncle Lorin," she murmured. "Up all night?"

"I'll sleep after breakfast," nodded Osterhout.

Dion Vane entered the room quietly, gave Osterhout a sleepy good morning, touched Garrett with a veiled glance and slid into the chair beside Celia. There was something about his ease of movement, and his fine, narrow head, that made Garrett think of a leopard.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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NEW CREAM MASCARA

needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO, the new cream mascara, actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners, far easier to apply than cake mascaras. Simply squeeze TATTOO out of the tube onto the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are . . . dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smear. Absolutely harmless. Won't run or wrinkle! TATTOO your eyelashes! In smart rubber-lined satin vanity, with brush. Price 50c.

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BRAND new! Amazing invention banishes old-style cleaning mess and mess forever. Zips dirt like magic from walls, ceilings, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. *Ends drudgery! Saves redecorating!* Low priced. Lasts years. Housewives wild about it. Agents make phenomenal profits.

SAMPLE OFFER: samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—*send your name TODAY!*

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EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

•How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—*an internal infection.*

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment.* Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within!*

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

(1) It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

(4) It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

For more than forty years it has been the stand-by of thousands in the treatment of colds and is today the largest-selling cold tablet in the world.

A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

Don't Daily—Don't Compromise!

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.

Recipe for *Holding a Husband*

Give him something easy to look at

IT isn't the things a woman can't help—like a crooked nose and squinty eyes—that bother a husband. He knew she had them when he married her.

It's the things she *can* help—the things she didn't have when he married her. Like stringy hair and a figure no longer trim. And most of all, a skin that has lost its freshness, its youngness."

Frances Ingram, who makes these statements, is beauty adviser to thousands of women. She knows their problems.

"There's nothing a man admires so much as a fine, fresh, young looking skin," she says. "Don't ask your husband to look at a skin that you don't find attractive yourself.

"Get to work at it. You can accomplish wonders. And without expensive beauty treatments, or an elaborate set of creams.

"Just one *complete*, constructive cream is all you need. Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

"By a *complete* cream, I mean one that contains everything your skin needs to help it stay young.

"When we are young, you know, Nature supplies softening, protecting oils which keep our skin fine and firm and supple. But as we grow older Nature is less kind.

"Then we must supply them or our skin becomes prematurely old and develops harsh lines, loose, saggy folds, excessive dryness, coarse pores and crepey texture."

This is just what Ingram's Milkweed Cream does for our skins—it supplies these "young" oils which are so necessary for skin loveliness.

Frances Ingram has helped countless women regain a skin their husbands can admire. She has helped many of the fairest stars in Hollywood preserve their high-priced beauty.

She will gladly help you. Ask her to send you a week's supply of Milkweed Cream, together with her Treatment Book telling how to treat different skin troubles. Mail the coupon today.

A COMPLETE CREAM
Everything your skin needs is in this ONE JAR

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INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

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Salute the Sandwich---and Its Originator

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

JUST a few weeks ago marked the 143rd anniversary of the birth of a man whose casual contribution to eating is forever identified with his name—the Earl of Sandwich.

The fourth Earl of that title was what we should today call a humanitarian interested in social reforms, but he is nevertheless recalled for that accidental wish of his: not to be disturbed while playing a critical point in his game of cards. To the lackey who came to announce that dinner was served, he replied that he would not come to the table, but desired a slice of cold beef spread with mustard to be placed between two slices of bread, and served to him at the game table.

Strange indeed, that such a simple and natural idea had never occurred to anyone previously! But today we have more than 143 different sandwiches to perpetuate his memory, and the hostess and the menu-planner alike are more and more sandwich-minded. In general we may say that all sandwiches fall into four chief classifications: the open, the closed, the rolled, and the ribbon sandwich, and the varieties of these is only limited by the maker's imagination or ingenuity!

If the first sandwich was built on the simple plan of a thick slice of meat enclosed between two blanketing slices of bread, we have indeed come a long way when we consider the elaborate spreads, and toasted sandwiches which the hostess may serve her guests today. From the caviar or anchovy spread of the de luxe tidbit, to the hearty peanut-butter of the school child's luncheon box, there is a type of sandwich, and a variety of filling, and also a way of serving, to suit almost any meal.

And while it may be thought that Summertime is the sandwich season supreme—with amusement parks and beaches and hot-dog stands flourishing, and picnics arranged on the slightest provocation—there is much basis to think of Winter as the open sandwich season, as well.

Here we consider first that specialty of the luncheroom—the hot sandwich, usually served with considerable gravy, on a large slice of bread, open-face style. But this excellent and satisfying, and easily prepared sandwich, has much to recommend it to the housewife or hostess. For the open-face, hot sandwich makes a most welcome change from the usual menu, to replace the more conventional meal of several courses.

With chicken, turkey, game and heavy meats of all kinds at their best, we have all the makings of a hearty sandwich, with its accompanying flavorful gravy. No one need despise the hot turkey sandwich, with its garnish of cranberry sauce and a ball of mashed potatoes on the side. Any meat, sliced thin, and warmed in stock or gravy makes an acceptable choice.

Again, we have oysters as a staple delicacy of the seafood sandwich, hot and tasty, and one of the very best ways in which to utilize the delicate oyster liquor. By serving the heated oysters on a slice of toasted bread, none of the juices are wasted, but bread and oysters and juice are all combined in an agreeable mouthful. A variation here is to spread the toasted bread with cream cheese, and to serve a strip of bacon as a garnish.

Another suggestion for which a recipe is given, is to use any crab, lobster, or shrimp, and blend it in a cheese or rabbit sauce, and then pour over hot toast. Other ideas for fish and seafood mixtures will occur to every hostess.

Ham is an ideal sandwich meat, and its use should not be confined either to a cold ham slice, or ham in a minced form. The toasted and grilled hot ham sandwich, with a piquant sauce, knows few peers, and is always a favorite with men.

Kidneys, too, are delicious when heated in a savory gravy, toned up with Worcestershire, and served on hot toasted slices. Chipped beef is another smoked meat which is ideal for the hot sandwich. Make the gravy thin, have all ingredients very hot, and serve at once.

One clever housewife who always seems to have more time for club work and bridge than other of her friends says that she always plans for hot sandwiches on any evening when she knows she is going to be late in starting supper. She has the meat or filling cooked, ready in its gravy to warm in its saucepan. A neat pile of bread slices, crusts cut off is waiting at the electric toaster, the plates are piled ready—a few relishes and garnishes on hand—and lo, getting dinner is a matter of ten minutes' toasting. With a hot beverage and some canned fruit, a substantial meal is ready—and with practically no dish-washing!

Mushrooms, of course, have always been a sandwich filling in the de luxe class, and olives, especially ripe olives are equally luscious. Prepare the mushrooms for a cream sauce, chop them coarsely, blend in the sauce, season highly, and spread over hot buttered toast. Sliced ripe olives, with bits of bacon, with coarsely chopped hard egg, etc., are novelties for a pleasing change.

It should not be forgotten also, that children seem especially fond of the sandwich idea, and often eat more food if it is served in this picnic fashion, than if the same food be laid, as usual, on their plates. Chicken is a good sandwich meat for the hot sandwich for children.

Banana and other fruits, too, are capable of adaptation to the hot sandwich idea. Indeed, the all-fruit hot sandwich is one which deserves wider popularity. Such fruits as stewed dried apricots, prunes, apples, etc., make good pulp or filling, to be spread, hot, over toasted bread, with a sprinkling of grated nuts on top.

For the hostess who anticipates a call on her pantry on the part of late-arriving guests, nothing is a happier choice than the hot, open-face sandwich, such as the lobster, mushroom, or grilled ham. She can have the cream mixture ready in a double boiler, or electric buffet server, the toaster and its pile of bread on the table, and the relishes or accessories laid out long in advance. Guests may toast their own, and even spread or pour the hot sauce as liberally as they choose. With coffee (made possibly earlier and kept hot in a thermos jug), a warming feast can be ready in a twinkling.

So much has been written about the fancy appetizer sandwich that it needs small mention here. The elaborate rolled and ribbon sandwiches are always liked by the hostess who enjoys preparing somewhat complicated foods.

One variation of this idea, is to spread white bread with three kinds of cheese, arrange the spreads one on top of another, then press down with a weight and chill for several hours. Arrange all of the slices so as to form a circular large cake. Then spread this entirely with cream cheese beaten to a frosting consistency. Sprinkle minced nuts over all, or minced parsley. Pass on a large wooden board, and cut slices down, just as for cake.

Secure variety also, by choosing breads of different flours or mixture. Rye, wholewheat, gluten, white, graham, cornmeal bread, barley bread — different textures and flavors will give interest to the sandwich. Trim crusts very carefully so as not to lose shape of slice. Have the serving plates hot, always, for hot sandwiches, and be sure the filling or mixture is highly or well seasoned. If a guest asks for "salt and pepper please," there is something wrong with the sandwich!

Can you make 143 different sandwiches in honor of the good Earl's birth?

Jackie's Choice Sandwich: Two slices crisp bacon, 1 very ripe banana, 4 slices wholewheat bread, 2 tablespoons whipped peanut butter. Cut crisp fried bacon into bits. Mash banana and mix with bacon. Butter 1 slice bread and spread with peanut butter. Over this spread bacon and banana. Place second slice, on top, buttered side up. Toast in sandwich toaster. (Serve with cup of cream soup is a complete lunch for children.)

Hostess Hot Lobster Sandwich: One pound can lobster meat cut in small pieces, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sherry, salt, 6 slices bacon cut in half and fried crisp, 12 slices hot buttered toast, watercress, tomato slices, mayonnaise. Saute lobster in butter, and add sherry and salt to taste. Have toast slices hot, and lightly buttered. Spread 6 slices with watercress and mayonnaise, then with lobster, bacon, and slice of tomato. Cover with remaining slices of buttered toast. Stick together with toothpicks and serve at once, with gherkin or India chutney relish. (Makes 6 large sandwiches.)

Hot Turkey Trot Sandwiches: This is a good family sandwich when the turkey gets down to pickings. Have small pieces of cooked turkey picked over carefully. Heat giblet gravy very hot, lay in meat and heat through. Have ready large slices of bread, no crusts, and toasted and lightly buttered. Garnish with paper cup of cranberry sauce and place small scoop of mashed potato or hot boiled elbow macaroni at side. Pour over meat and gravy, very hot. Serve at once. Meat may be "devilled" by using a little made mustard and seasoning with black pepper and onion.

Kidney and Olive Sandwich: Eight lamb kidneys, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup stuffed olives chopped fine, 8 slices buttered toast. Split kidneys and cook in salted water to cover 5 minutes. Drain and cool, then chop. Melt butter, add flour, then the kidney liquor. Blend until smooth, then add chopped kidneys and chopped olives. Season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Toasted Mushroom Sandwich: One-half pound button mushrooms, 2 tablespoons onion juice, 4 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle, mayonnaise, 12 slices bread toasted and buttered. Chop mushrooms coarsely, add onion juice, and brown in butter, turning often. Add chopped pickle, and season. Moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on hot toast, which should be very thin. Or spread on untoasted bread, then place under broiler flame for 2 minutes to brown.

Toasted Pecan Spreads: One-half cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese, ¼ cup minced crisp bacon, 2 tablespoons minced pecan meats, 1 teaspoon chopped chutney pickle, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 8 rounds of buttered toast. Mix ingredients and salt. Spread on buttered rounds of toast. Put in hot oven until cheese melts. Serve immediately.

Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experiences in the Underworld

(Continued from Double Page)

they chatted. M. Everard looked curiously. She seemed more lovely somehow, talking to M. Orlandie. M. Everard turned to us.

"I hope he gets his money's worth," he chuckled. "She's a devil when she doesn't like something. And she won't like leaving Toni. Twice they've run away, and twice I've had a hell of a trouble with them."

Blanche and M. Jules Orlandie got up from the table and approached our own.

They made their adieus. The deal was over. M. Everard reverted to type. "Much good may she do you," he said to M. Orlandie. "Mind her. She is a hell-cat. Mind she doesn't give you the slip. I'm afraid you've paid dear for her."

Even beneath his beard I could see M. Jules Orlandie bristling. He seemed to grow in size. His stoop seemed to go. He towered for a moment over the table.

When he spoke, the squeaky quaver had gone from his voice.

"No," he said, "not I have paid: you have paid."

With a swift movement he gathered Blanche with his left arm and moved her from the table so that he stood between her and the man who had sold her. With his right he made a quick upward sweep to his face. One jerk, and the beard, wig, moustache and spectacles fell to the floor.

"No, father," he said. "You have paid, not I."

"Toni," I gasped.

"Yes, Edmee. Toni. One day I will tell you. For the present, au revoir."

M. Everard senior jumped to his feet. Toni kicked the table over at him. Before he could regain his feet Toni and Blanche were already on the way out and had passed from the club into their waiting car outside.

There was no need for me to wait for Toni to tell me the story. I learned it there that night without moving from the table.

"What did he mean, I paid?" asked M. Everard, nursing his bruised head.

My escort suggested that he look in his pocketcase.

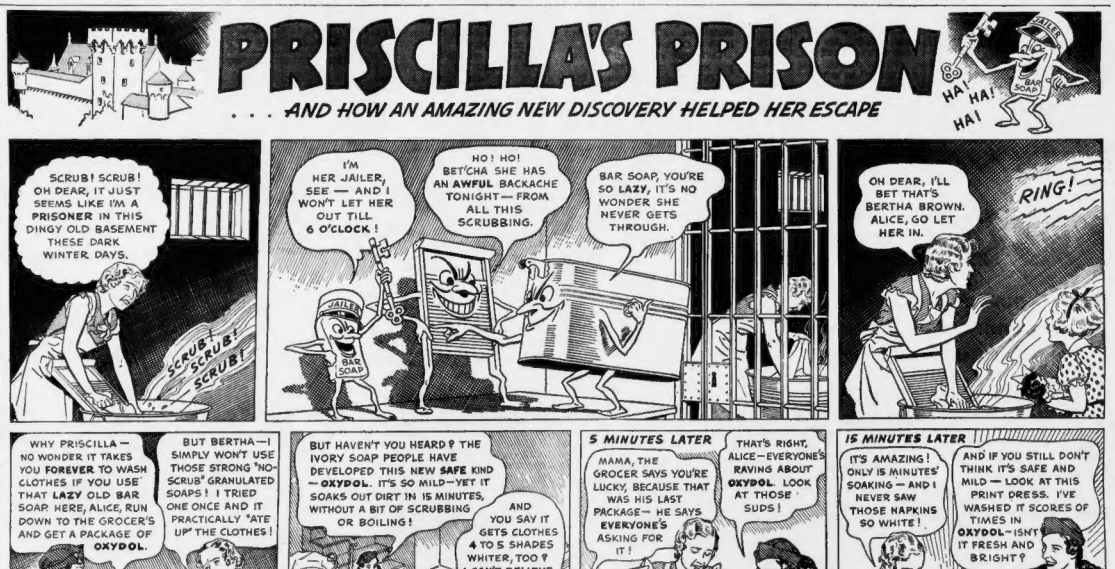
"But yes," he said, "I lent it to Toni this evening to borrow one thousand francs for roulette when he had lost and..."

The significance of it struck him then.

"There were one hundred thousand francs in that case," he said, so softly we could scarcely hear, "and our cases were identical. He gave it to me on my Saint's day two years ago."

Digging deep into his pocket he pulled out the case in which he had put the fifteen 1000-franc notes a few minutes before. They were still there. He pulled out the other wad of notes. On the outside was a note for 1000 francs. Inside it was blank tissue paper. He turned to the other pockets. A card dropped out. It was Toni's.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



Recipes Readers Request

Arkansas Chicken.

COOK 1 hen in water to cover until very tender. Cut in small pieces. Cook 1 minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter until soft and yellow but not brown. Add 1 finely chopped seeded green pepper, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can mushrooms, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Add about 1 tablespoon sugar and a few drops Worcestershire sauce (not more than 1 teaspoon). Cook gently until as thick as desired. Add chicken, cover closely and reheat.

Oyster Consomme.

FINELY chop 1 pint choice oysters, reserving soft portion of twelve or fifteen. Add 1½ cup cold water and simmer in a small covered saucepan for about 25 minutes. Strain carefully and add to 1 quart of strained and skimmed chicken or turkey stock. Season to taste with 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and add the soft parts of the oysters, cooked until plump. Add ½ cup sweet cream, reheat and serve immediately.

Date Loaf.

MIX and sift 3 cups flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ tablespoon salt and 6 teaspoons baking powder. Beat 1 egg, add 1½ cups milk and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Combine with dry ingredients. Add 1 cup chopped dates and ½ cup chopped nuts. Turn into a greased bread pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 1 hour.

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Tested Recipes You Will Like

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Skating Club Baked Apples.

PARE and core apples, reserving parings for jelly. Place in baking dish, fill cavities with mincemeat, sprinkle generously with sugar, add a little water (water in which apple parings have been simmered may be used), and bake in a moderately hot oven until almost clear and tender.

Cream Cheese Rings.

FINELY chop 2 tablespoons olives and 2 tablespoons pecan nuts. Cream 1 package cream cheese until smooth, adding 3 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Combine with the olives and nuts. Remove crusts from fresh sandwich loaf. Cut into slices lengthwise. Spread slices with the cheese mixture. Roll up. Wrap in waxed paper and tie. Chill in icebox an hour or longer. Cut in very thin slices.

Orange Biscuits.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons butter. Add ¾ cup milk and mix lightly. Turn out on lightly floured board, pat and roll. Cut out with a small round cutter. Place on a baking sheet. Make a depression in the center of each biscuit and in the depression place a small cube of sugar dipped in orange juice. Grate orange peel over tops and bake in quick oven, or at about 400 degrees, for about 20 minutes.

Red and Green Cabbage Salad.

MIX 2 cups finely shredded crisp white cabbage and 2 cups finely shredded crisp red cabbage. Moisten with well seasoned mayonnaise or cooked dressing. (One of our readers suggests that we omit the dressing and season the cabbage with ½ cup vinegar, 4 tablespoons sugar, salt and pepper and celery seed to taste and ½ cup melted butter.) Arrange on crisp cabbage leaves if desired.

Tripe Birds with Tomato Sauce.

CUT 1 pound boiled tripe into pieces about 4 by 2 inches. Spread with stuffing made as follows, roll and tie or skewer in shape. Brown the stuffed pieces of tripe in a little hot bacon fat and serve in a deep dish with tomato sauce. To make the stuffing: Mix ¼ cup cooked chopped ham, ½ cup bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pepper and moisten with stock or water.

Tomato Sauce for Tripe Birds.

BLEND 2 tablespoons flour with 2 tablespoons melted butter. Add 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley (if you like it), and a bit of bay leaf. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 or 3 cloves and stir constantly until onion is brown. Add 1½ cups strained tomato pulp. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Just before removing from heat add ¼ cup capers (if you like them).

Planked Corned Beef Hash.

FINELY chop corned beef to make 1½ cups. Moisten with milk and spread evenly in center of plank. Arrange border and nests of Duchesse potatoes, using pastry bag and tube. Brown lightly in oven. Put a poached egg in each nest and garnish with stuffed green peppers. To make the Duchesse potatoes: Add 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 beaten egg yolks to 2 cups hot riced boiled potatoes. Add enough hot milk to make of consistency to force easily through the pastry bag and tube and beat until light.

Lemon Seven-Minute Frosting.

PUT 2 unbeaten egg whites, 3 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1½ cups sugar in top of double boiler. Mix with rotary egg beater until thoroughly blended. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with rotary beater for 7 minutes or until stiff enough to hold its shape. Remove from heat and beat until thick enough to spread.

Lemon Filling (For Cup Cakes).

MIX ½ cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons butter, a few grains salt and the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool.

Butterscotch Hard Sauce.

CREAM ½ cup butter. Add ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, and beat until smooth and creamy. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 beaten egg yolk and 4 tablespoons cream or milk and continue beating until light.

Silhouette Frosting.

SPREAD plain Seven Minute Frosting on cake. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter. When frosting is set, pour the melted chocolate mixture over the cake, allowing it to run down the sides.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Stewed Prunes.	Grapefruit.	Apricots.	Grapes.	Tomato Juice.	Apricots.	Prune Juice.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	Hot Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Hot Cereal.
Poached Eggs.	Fish Cakes or Kippered Herring.	Scrambled Eggs.	Broiled Bacon.	Fish Hash.	Plain or Rice Omelet.	Poached Eggs on Toast.
Toast Melba.	Delicate Corn Muffins.	Muffins.	Raw Potato Pancakes.	Melba Toast.	Toast.	Marmalade.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee	Coffee.	Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Corned Beef Hash au Gratin.	Olive Rarebit.	Baked Macaroni, Cheese and Tomatoes.	Armenian Cabbage.	Tomato Juice.	Cheese Souffle.	Beef Loaf or Roast Beef.
Icebox Graham Rolls.	Toasted Crackers.	Muffins.	Beets with Lemon.	Baked Beans in Individual Pots.	Mushroom Sauce.	Yorkshire Pudding.
Canned Fruit.	Salad.	Lettuce Salad.	French Rolls.	Spiced Carrots.	Icebox Rolls.	Brown Gravy.
Coconut Kisses.	Chiffonade (Green).	French Dressing.	Orange Meringue Pie.	Raisin Brown Bread.	Cabbage, Orange and Raisin Salad.	Buttered String Beans.
Tea	French Dressing.	Pineapple Snow (Left-Over Pineapple Juice).	Tea.	Apple Tarts.	French Dressing.	Sunshine Salad.
Dinner	Baked Apples.	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	Chocolate Eclairs.	French Dressing.
Casserole of Ham and Potatoes or Noodles.	Moravian Cookies.	Grapefruit.	Braised Guinea Hen.	Sablefish Fillets (any available fish).	Tea.	Orange Bavarian Cream.
Buttered String Beans.	Cocoa.	Baked Stuffed Potatoes.	Steamed India Rice.	Favorite Sauce or Butter.	*Dinner*	Half Cups Coffee.
Tomato Jelly Salad.	*Dinner*	Baked Carrots with Dates.	Spinach with Lemon.	Riced Potatoes or Spaghetti.	Fruit Cup.	*Supper*
Chocolate Trifle.	Mixed Grill of Hamburg Balls.	Swiss Chard with Hard Cooked Eggs.	Watermelon Rind Pickles.	Brussels Sprouts.	Baked Sweet Potato.	Jellied Salmon Salad.
	Grilled Sweet Potatoes.	Pudding with Golden Sauce.	Red, White and Blue Charlotte Russe or Loganberry Charlotte.	Sliced Fruits in Lemon Jelly.	Cronquettes. Cauliflower with Lemon Butter.	Cooked Dressing.
	Broiled Pineapple.			Whipped Cream.	Golden Ginger Cup Cakes with Custard Sauce.	Icebox Rolls.
	Jellied Tomato Salad.			Cookies.		Filled Cup Cakes.
	Butterscotch Pie.					

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3375—A SOFT LINE FROCK WITH SMOOTH YOKE AND GRACEFUL SLEEVES GOES PLACES 'TWIXT NOON AND MIDNIGHT. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3371—KIDDIES' COAT FROCK HELPS YOUTHFUL WEARERS TO DRESS THEMSELVES. BLOOMERS ARE INCLUDED. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3373—GIRLS AND MATRONS VOTE THIS SHIRTMAKER THEIR WINNING NUMBER; PERFECT FOR CHALLIS OR NECKTIE SILK PRINT. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3372—THERE'S PLENTY OF FEMININE CHARM AND EASY FREEDOM IN A HOUSE FROCK WITH DAINTY RUFFLING AND WIDE SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3376—A SURPLICE FROCK WITH SIMULATED WAISTCOAT BODICE GIVES A FORTY-SIX SLENDER LINES. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅓ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3374—THERE'S TWO-WAY MAGIC IN A BLOUSE THAT OFFERS BOTH A DRESSY AND A SPORTS VERSION. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3377—EASY TO MAKE YOUR LINENS COLORFUL WITH CUTWORK AND EMBROIDERY IN ROSE AND FORGET-ME-NOT DESIGNS. Pattern 3377 contains a transfer of two motifs 7½x8½ inches, two and two reverse motifs 5¾x6½ inches, and four 2¾-inch motifs; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color suggestions.

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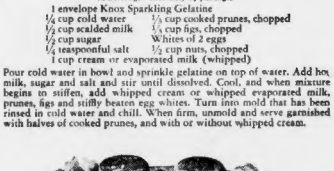
—Mrs. Knox

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM
(6 Servings—uses only ½ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cup cream or evaporated milk (whipped)
½ cup cooked prunes, chopped
½ cup figs, chopped
Whites of 2 eggs
½ cup nuts, chopped

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add hot milk, sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, prunes, figs and stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and serve garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and with or without whipped cream.



MINTED PINEAPPLE SALAD
(6 Servings—uses only ½ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups crushed pineapple and juice (canned)
¼ teaspoonful spearmint flavoring or 2 tablespoonfuls orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange
¼ cup lemon juice

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Place bowl in boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add to pineapple and combine well. Add lemon juice and flavoring and green coloring, if desired. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce with a fruit mayonnaise.

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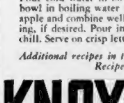

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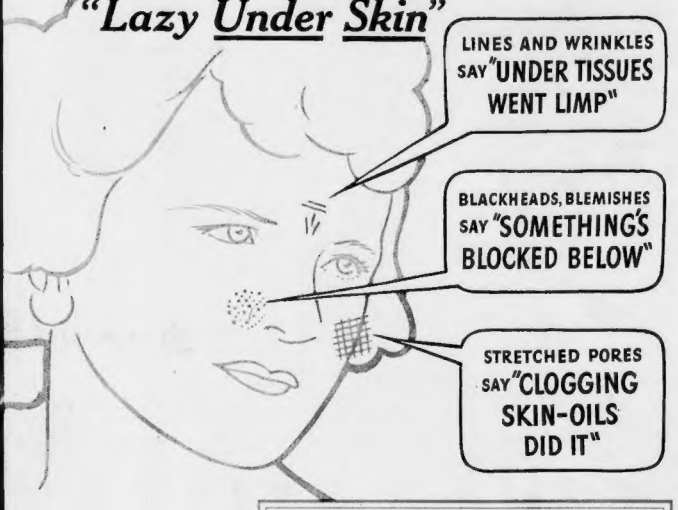
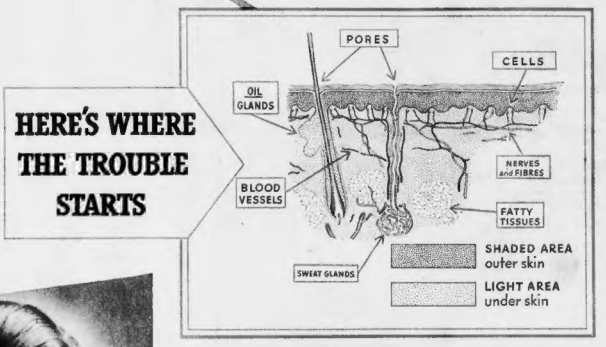
Secret Beginnings of Age Signs Laid Bare

Scientific Eye probes through 5 Layers of Epidermis to Under Tissues—Lays blame for Lines, Blackheads, Coarse Pores, on *"Lazy Under Skin"*





Women can win back Smooth, Line-free Skin *Quickly*—by rousing their Under Skin. "Hidden glands, nerves, fibres make outer skin what it is—good or bad," —— *Skin Authorities say*

"WHAT MAKES THE SKIN GROW OLD?"

Any man on the street can tell you what makes a woman's skin *look* old. Tiny lines around her eyes and mouth. Pores that look wide-open at close range. Blackheads that can't be covered up. Sure signs, he'll say, that she's "nearing 30"..."in the 40's"..."*over.*"

BUT—ask that same man where these age signs get their start, and he's stumped. He thinks they started right where he spots them—on top your skin. But dermatologists say *NO.*

Where "Skin-Age" Begins

Those lines and blackheads and coarse pores had their beginnings 5 layers below the skin you're touching now—deep in your lazy underskin! If every face-pore were a window, you could "look through" your skin and see what goes on...

Tiny glands overtaxed, giving off that thick oil which clogs your pores. Nerves and blood vessels falling down on their job of keeping your skin flushed and young. Important little fibres losing their snap—letting ugly lines form outside. Yes, say these men who know, even a sagging chin is just an outward sign of an underskin "let-down"!

What Makes Skin Stay Young?

Once you know what makes skin show age, it's easy enough to see what will make skin stay young.

Stimulate underskin nerves, glands and fibres to the utmost—and you'll have them "working their heads off" to keep your skin blooming!

The first thing you need is a cream that will *reach* that underskin. Pond's deep-skin Cold Cream does this very thing.

The light specially processed oils of Pond's Cold Cream go 'way down deep into your pores—releasing all the dried-up dirt, make-up and skin secretions blocking the way. Out the cream flows, thickened with pore dirt. Wipe it all off and you see your skin clearer already. Fresh and bright!

Now spread more Pond's Cold Cream over your deeply cleansed skin. Pat, pat, pat it in—with brisk upward strokes. See how your color comes up! Instant proof that you're rousing that lazy underskin! Soon nerves, glands and fibres "step lively"...start flushing your skin with fault-fighting vigor.

Keep this up. See how quickly your skin sheds ugly age signs. Tired lines smooth out. Tip-ends of blackheads loosen ... deep-lodged matter comes out. Pores quickly become finer, hard to detect. Your skin takes on that soft feel, that smooth look that every man calls "young"!

A Double-benefit Treatment

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it soften up the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—bring it all out. Wipe off and pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it...gets thoroughly awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it...becomes fresh, unblemished.

Every morning (and always before make-up!) refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Note your skin's brighter color, renewed vigor. It's so smooth powder can't possibly catch or flake!

Start this double-benefit treatment with the special 9-treatment tube offered below. Every single day with Pond's will be a big step toward a younger skin—a skin that's free of those tragic little lines and faults that give your age away!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Searching Eyes cannot Detect a Single Threat of Age in the Skin of this Beautiful Society Woman. She says: "Before Bed—Every Morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It Stimulates my Skin—Blackheads and Blemishes Never Come!"

Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan

One of the Most Beautiful of the Capital's Young Social Leaders, says: "Pond's Cold Cream brings out Every Bit of Straggly Dirt and Make-up Caked in my Skin. It makes my Pores Look Smaller—and Fatigue Lines Disappear Completely!"

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. A, 36, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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